Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 24, 1969 50 CENTS

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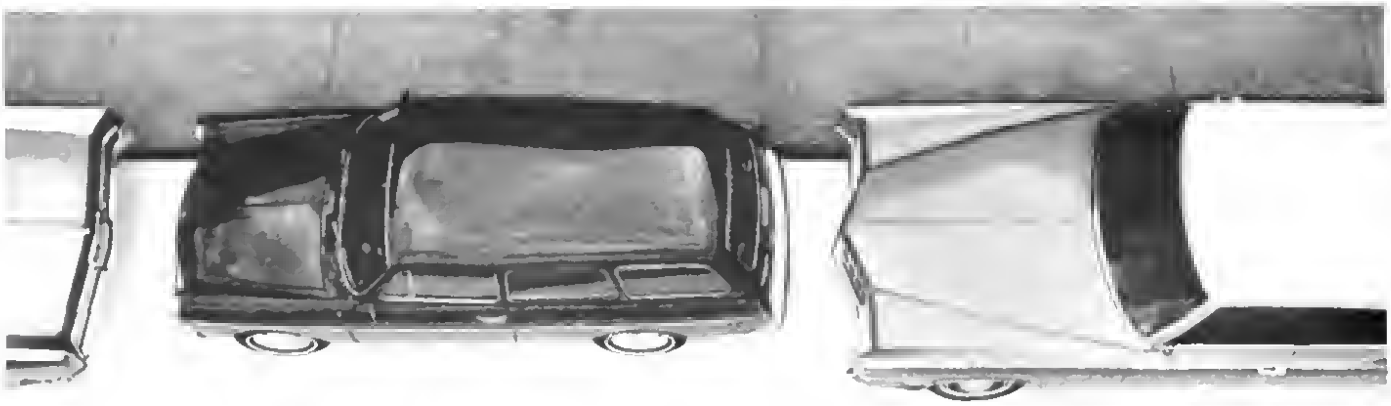
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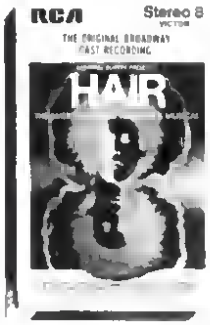
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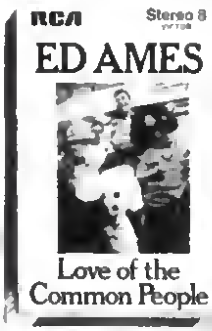
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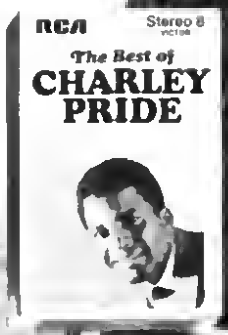
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Contents

NOVEMBER 24, 1969 *Volume 31, No. 22*

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

16 KC Had the Hot Hand
The Chiefs showed the Jets some razzle here and some dazzle there and presto! beat the world champs

20 The Brooklyn Delicatessen Caper
Demonstrating how to get rich at the races, the Fulton Street mob heists $1.3 million in Aqueduct receipts

22 Ohio State: Alone at the Top
There may be some claims for Texas or Penn State, but if you're looking for the No. 1 team, go to Columbus

28 $2 Million Berth to Newport
Quietly and at great cost, France's Marcel Bich is shaping an impressive America's Cup challenge

42 Sweety Cakes Runs the Sonics
Forget his nickname and quiet manner. Lenny Wilkens is very much in command of Seattle's NBA team

68 With a Bow to Tiga Muk
Audrey McElmury owes her success as a cyclist to the hills of La Jolla, weight lifting and a fat-out diet

72 Doc Kerlan: Rx for Athletes
This wizard of orthopedists has turned athletic medicine into a pennant-making proposition

The departments

13 Scorecard
50 College Football
63 People
64 Horse Racing
66 Skiing
68 Cycling
89 For the Record
90 19th Hole



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Credits on page 89

Next week

BASKETBALL 1969-70: In SI's survey of the college season, Pistol Pete Maravich reveals his wizardry. With scouting reports—UCLA is *not* preferred—and a gallery of stars.

THE UNDEFEATED Rams and the once-beaten Cowboys clash in what might turn out to be a preview of the NFL championship game. Tex Maule will be on hand to report and analyze.

A FANTASY FISH the elusive permit—mocks Thomas McGuane, a masochistic fly-fisherman, through long hours under the sun on the flats and in the passes of the Florida Keys.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

It is not often we get involved in international intrigue, but the more we tried to find out what France was up to in its efforts to win the America's Cup next summer, the more intrigued we became. The result is the story on page 28, the first—and probably, for a while, the last—extensive report on a French sporting effort that is going to add immeasurably to the sometimes not-so-stimulating drama of the cup challenge.

The article and its illustration are the work of two resourceful men, Boating Contributor Carleton Mitchell and Photographer Jerry Cooke. Each



coped, in his fashion, with the understandable desire of the French to keep their business to themselves, an attitude exemplified by Baron Marcel Bich, a ball-point pen tycoon who leads the French sortie, refuses to discuss any aspect of the challenge with foreign writers and has an intense reluctance to be photographed.

Mitchell, who is probably the only man to sail aboard every postwar cup challenger and defender up to Australia's *Dame Pattie* in 1967, began hearing rumors floating around the Mediterranean three years ago of a shadowy French millionaire who bought 12-meter yachts like dinghies. "Later scuttlebutt," Mitchell says, "brought news of a training program rigorous even by American standards. I began to wonder what the French were up to."

Thus started a quest in the best deerstalker-cap tradition. In Switzerland Mitchell interviewed Louis Noverraz, a member of Bich's brain trust. In Paris he talked with French yachting friends and had clandestine meetings with a journalist—unfortunately, not in a candlelit Montmartre bar as the script would seem to require, but in the lobby of a dingy hotel off the Rond-Point. The search continued through the sacred portals of the New York Yacht Club, and finally to Bruno Bich who, acting as a spokesman for his father, agreed to give Mitchell some substantial details.

"From it all I got the impression of a formidable effort guided by a forceful individual and rugged individualist," says Mitchell. "In a way, I ended up admiring Bich's reticence. As one Parisian said, 'I don't know what he's after, but it sure isn't publicity.'"

Cooke began his part of the job by photographing Bich's boats at Trinité-sur-Mer, and then began to pursue Bich himself in Paris, where three different secretaries assured him the baron never posed for pictures. At one point Cooke sought help from American thoroughbred trainer Barry Ryan through—watch this carefully now—Ryan's wife's sister's father-in-law, who is an influential French yachtsman. But Ryan's influence did not reach all the way to Bich. Finally Cooke returned to Trinité and tried the only tack left. Nikon in hand, he confronted Bich on the dock. "Surprisingly," says Cooke, "he agreed to pose if I would give him time to change into what he called his 'nautical wardrobe.'" Cooke waited, Bich changed, Cooke shot, Mitchell wrote. End of detective story.

Gary Valk

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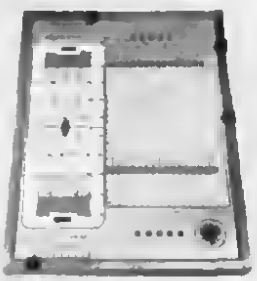
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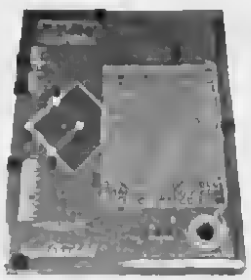
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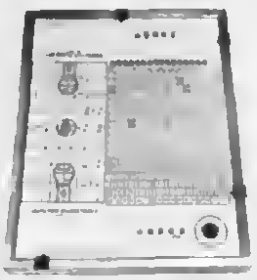


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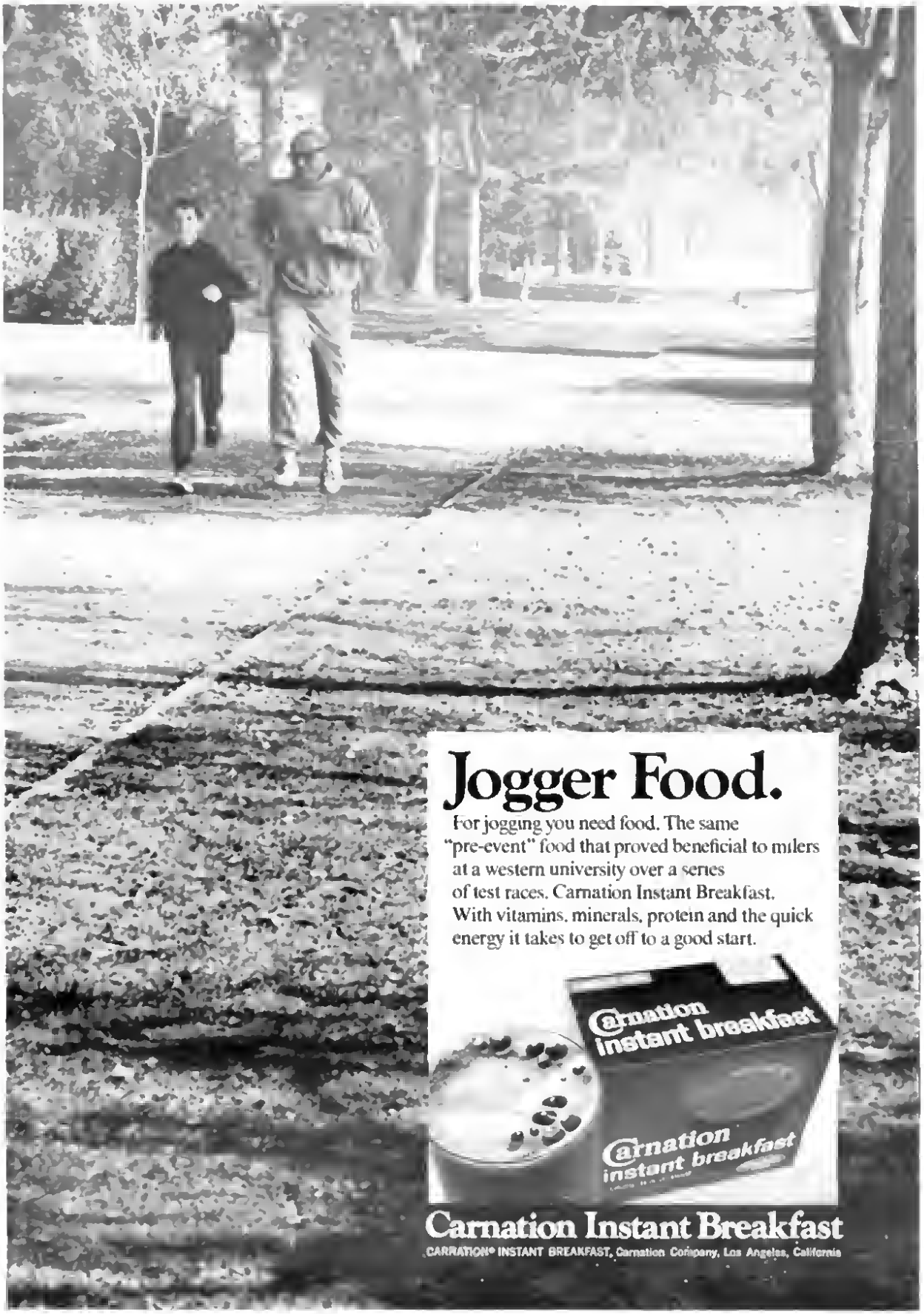

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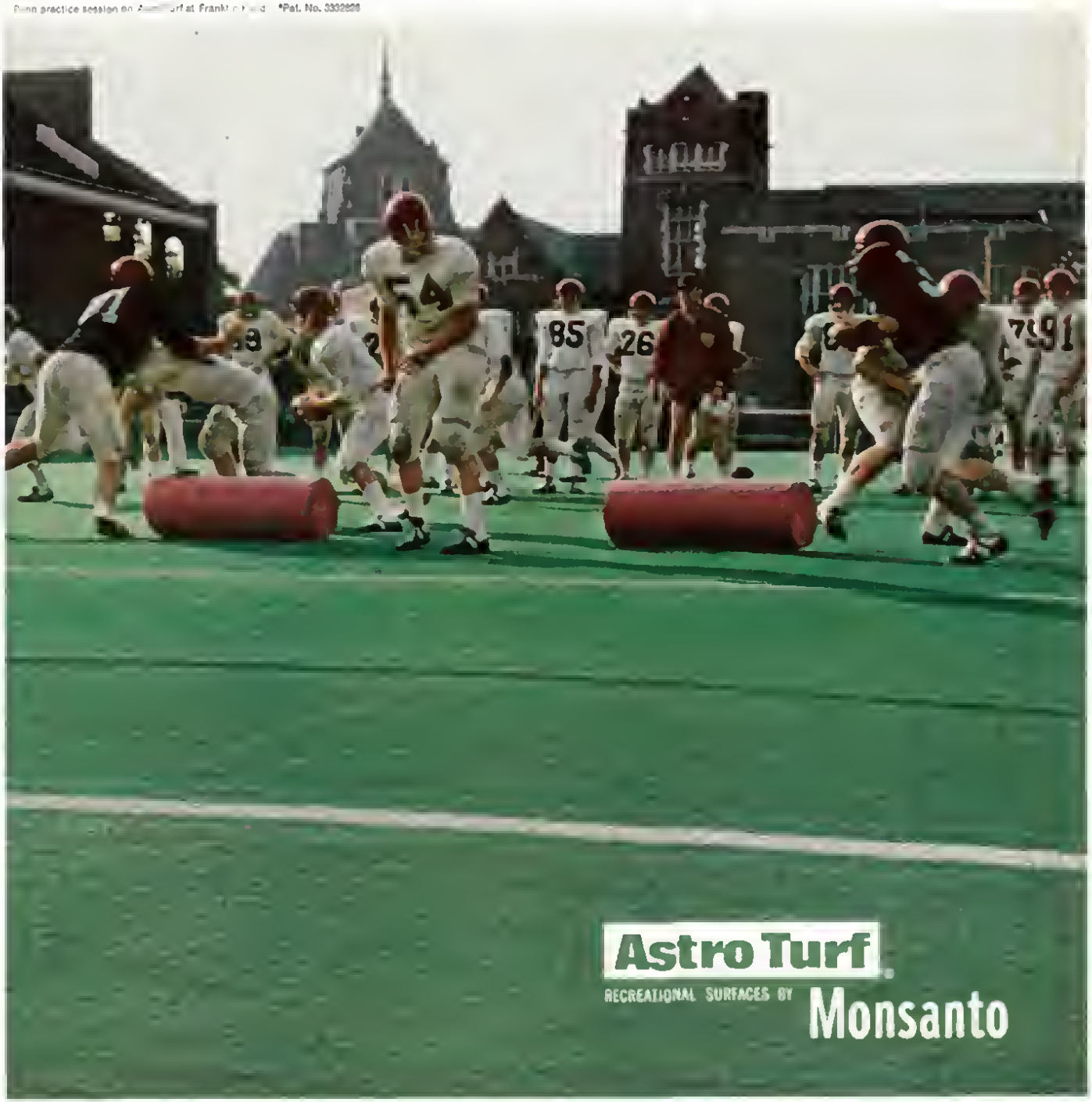
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SHOPWALK

Lures, lines and philosophy are the stock-in-trade at Jim Deren's Angler's Roost

Most fishermen in search of truth sooner or later arrive at the Angler's Roost, a legendary hole-in-the-wall located at 141 East 44th Street in Manhattan. There, behind the rarest assortment of fishing tackle this side of Izaak Walton's attic, a fly-tying guru named Jim Deren sits and weaves his spell. The wandering angler simply utters a magic word. Miramichi perhaps, Marabou, Beaver Kill or Bass Bug, and the master is off on one of his soliloquies—in which philosophy, angling technique and wild reminiscence all play a part.

In an age of mass merchandising, Deren's priceless commodities are his knowledge and enthusiasm. But, since these are freely and generously given, one may wonder how they serve to pay the rent. The answer lies in the magnetic quality of Deren himself, which draws customers to the Roost as no hard-sell promotion ever could. Deren's Roost is to discerning anglers what the pro shop is to a golfer—a school and a sanctuary. Modern fishing tackle is a complex subject, and even experts need advice.

Take fly-fishing, an Angler's Roost specialty. Lines come in dozens of types and sizes, and good casting is impossible without the right one. Deren takes the customer's rod and a selection of lines home with him and solves the problem on the roof of his apartment building. There are hundreds of apartment dwellers in Manhattan's East 50s who must wonder what kind of a nut would spend his nights fly-casting up there.

Deren refuses to stock items he doesn't believe in. There is one very popular and rather expensive line of fly rods that he claims is quite second rate. He won't touch it. But he is no stuffy traditionalist. In the late '30s he became interested in a radically new fishing method, using reels that looked like eggbeaters. The purists sneered, but Deren held out, practically alone. Now 30 years later no one sneers at spinning tackle, it outsells all other kinds.

Deren's sense of humor is as unique as his business. About 15 years ago a Texas oil millionaire, jaded with fishing safaris all over the world, decided that Jim Deren just had to show him New York's famous Beaver Kill river. They left the Roost one day at rush hour, and about 20 minutes outside the city Deren pulled off the expressway. Heavy traffic, smog and cement abutments were all around. While the millionaire dozed off on the back seat, dreaming of crystal pools, Deren parked the car some 10 feet away from a slimy body of water called Sawmill Brook, two feet deep and generously stocked with mattresses and bicycles. He got out, pulled on his waders, grabbed his rod and jabbed the Texan awake. "O.K., all out, we're here," he shouted.

At his shop Deren is often too busy spinning such yarns to bother with the routine of business. This informality is one of the charms of the Angler's Roost. Outdoor Writer-Humorist Ed Zern once called it "the only shop in which the customers either wait on themselves or are waited on by other customers."

There are sound economic reasons for buying tackle at the Roost. There are others less tangible. Taped to a showcase is this Deren quote: "There don't have to be a thousand fish in a river, let me locate a good one and I'll get a thousand dreams out of him before I catch him—and, if I catch him, I'll turn him loose."

—DAN LEVIN



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ADVERTISING COUNCIL PUBLIC SERVICE

BOOKTALK

A handsomely pictorial equine history is better for looking than for reading

When it comes to printing pretty books for the parlor table, most publishers seem to favor sports car fans and yachtsmen over horsey types. Now, in a handsome, expensive ($22.50) and richly illustrated (794 pictures) volume, Crown Publishers has endeavored to even the score. They have only partly succeeded. *Horses and Horsemanship Through the Ages* aims to be a comprehensive encyclopedia of equestrianism, and this emphatically it is not. What it is in full measure is a lush and varied collation of pictorial material that makes the text relatively unimportant.

The pictures range far and wide. There is a Roman mosaic of a charioteer in color next to a black-and-white still of the same subject from the motion picture *Ben Hur*. There is a charming St. George and the Dragon from the church of San Zeno Maggiore in Verona. There is a 19th century French print entitled *In Peril*, and it certainly is. It shows a lady riding sidesaddle on a runaway horse. Her dog (assumed faithful) is already airborne over a cliff with horse and fair rider about to meet the same fate.

There are lovely color pages of Persian miniatures, a detail of a horse in water from a 17th century Japanese screen and truly exciting parts of late medieval and early Renaissance frescos.

It may, in view of all these nice things, be churlish to look such a gift book in its mouth. And it may further be that Luigi Gianoli's text suffers in the translation by Iris Brooks. Nevertheless, it does seem a pity that since there is text it should not first tell us something and second tell it right. American readers will instantly spot a number of errors in sections dealing with the U.S. and thus begin to suspect those sections they know less about. Their knowledge will not be increased by such brief essays as that concerning trainers. "The trainer," Gianoli writes, "is the key man in horse racing. He has to know all about horses."

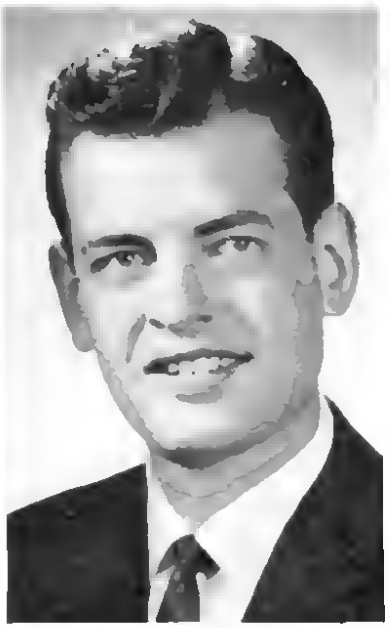
But for students of the odd and the offbeat, there are a few succulent tidbits. Did you know, for instance, that in ancient Rome during the days of Theodosius a law was passed that "forbade doping, whether to stimulate a horse or keep him back"? Or that Caligula forbade the Praetorian Guard to sound its trumpets on the eve of a race so his horses would not be disturbed?

"In some lines of *The Courtesan*," writes the author, "Castiglione complains: 'The great lords are like that. Above all, one has to give them news of their horses . . . then listen, without tiring, to whatever it pleases them to say on the subject.'"

Perhaps we should do Gianoli the same favor for the sake of his beautiful book.

—ALICE HIGGINS

MEET:



GARTH CONLEY in Chicago

A busy man, a successful man, dedicated to his responsibilities and his profession: that's Garth Conley.

A native of Indiana, Garth received his B.S. degree in accounting at Indiana University. He joined Connecticut General in 1960. Today, he is an insurance man's insurance man. An expert in financial planning, he works exclusively through independent general insurance men, helping them provide for the needs of their clients. Last year, he was one of the five leading producers among all his Connecticut General associates throughout the country. He makes his headquarters at Connecticut General's office at 175 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

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There's nothing ordinary about this gin.
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SCORECARD

TUSH 'EM LOOSE

The Big Ten rule that will doubtless keep the nation's best football team from playing in a bowl game obviously is absurd. But so is the whole system of bowl-conference alignments that almost always prevents the best teams in the country from meeting in postseason showdowns. To have such unbeaten powers as Ohio State and Texas glaring at each other at the top of the heap and not to match them is to stand in the way of nature. The NCAA should reorganize the whole bowl system so that it will determine the nation's No. 1 team before any more dream games slip away.

DAVY JONES' COD FISH

Whatever became of the *Andrea Doria*? She is now hostess to 60-pound codfish. Anglers aboard Captain Les Behan's *Peconic Queen II* took a 100-mile jaunt recently from Montauk, Long Island to the site of the 29,000-ton liner's famous sinking in 1956. The seas were so rough the *Queen*'s anchor broke loose while two teams of skin divers were working their way down the anchor line in hopes of photographing the wreckage—so the divers had to turn and inch back up the line as the ship drifted. But the fishing was extremely good while the anchor held, with 30- to 35-pound pollack being brought up from 230 feet of water, in addition to the monstrous cod.

DOO'DA, DOO'DA

Occasionally denunciations of landscape littering end on a whimsical note. Like, if we don't watch out we may fill the Grand Canyon with beer cans. It doesn't sound funny to the Navajos. They own some beautiful real estate along the Canyon. On their awesomely empty desert landscape, a popcorn box stands out like General Custer.

Other Western tribes have taken stern steps to keep returnable tourists from leaving behind nonreturnable trash. The Lummi and Quinault Indians of Washington state have closed thousands of acres of reservation land, including one of the richest duck and goose hunting areas in the Puget Sound area, and 50 miles of Pacific beaches to all non-Indians. The "white-eye" visitors have been strewing beer cans and other refuse, decorating rocks with spray paint, destroying clam beds by racing cars on the sand flats, and sometimes even ordering outraged red men off their own beaches. Taos Pueblo has not declared its reservation off limits yet, but does periodically post a ban against littering, signed by the tribe's "War Chief." It's an ancient title that never got changed, but it has a ring of authority.

The Navajos are still using a less militant approach. They are trying to create respect for their vast New Mexico reservation (as large as the state of West Virginia) with their own museums and park rangers. And now their Plateau Sciences Society is raising money for a museum on wheels to spread the word.

Anyone (Indian or paleface) who donates a dollar to the museumobile fund at Window Rock, Ariz. will receive a bumper sticker that says: *Ts'ilzéí Doo'da!* That is Navajo for "Don't Litter!" Not only does it have a nice lilt, it has received the all-important negative imprimatur of the Chicago police. According to a story now going the Navajo rounds, a Windy City cop recently stopped a young bearded non-Indian whose bumper wore the new sticker. The officer was inclined to believe the slogan was some kind of secret hippie code signal.

COMRADE HOSSYIST

Never mind that business about their spaceships—look at what's happening in Soviet science back on earth, the village of Zalesny, to be exact. There is Y. Valentinov, who teaches at the local aviation institute, flying his scale-model, radio-powered hydroplane for a new world record. It covered 19.4 kilometers, taking off from a small lake and landing in the Volga 30 minutes, 20 seconds later, says Novosti, the Russian news agency. And not only that, Lithuanian Pyatras Motelkaitis has set another world record, his 10th, with a model helicopter, winding it up to a speed of 93.898 kilometers per hour. He did it all with a rubber band which, as we always say about these press releases, is really stretching it.

SSOTHES ACT

On a recent Thursday night Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cilek of Iowa City, Iowa watched their 13-year-old son Dan, a quarterback, lead Central Junior High's seventh-grade team to victory. On Friday night they saw their 16-year-old son Nick, also a quarterback, pace University High to a win, and on Saturday morning they got out to see 14-year-old Greg—yes, a quarterback—play a key role as Central's ninth-grade team won.

After a quick lunch it was out to the University of Iowa's stadium for the homecoming game with Michigan State, though the Cileks really did not expect to see too much there, since their 21-year-old Mike was only second string behind Quarterback Larry Lawrence. But



with less than three minutes to go and Iowa behind 18–12, Lawrence was injured on a third-down play, and Mike was called into action. He picked up the first down with a fourth-down, five-yard pass, followed a few minutes later with a 22-yard pass to the six and then threw a touchdown pass to tie the game. The extra point was good, and Iowa won 19-18

continued

Said Mike afterward, "Now I don't have to listen in silence to those other three quarterbacks telling me how they won *their* games."

COMPETITION

The Chicago and North Western Railway has equipped its commuter stations near Chicago with bicycle racks to accommodate businessmen who, in search of fitness or in flight from fatness, have resolved to pedal partway to work. The idea should, pardon the expression, spread. Not only would it relieve urban congestion by reducing per-businessman volume, it might even aid certain commuter railroads in their own struggle to get in shape—provided, of course, that some of their customers, once exposed to cycling, might prefer to pedal all the way to work. And heat the train.

UNMUDDY NIGHT

When Jack Ramsay coached St. Joseph's College, defeat often sent him on long walks into snowy nights. Now steering the Philadelphia 76ers, Ramsay is walking again, and things are going so badly for him he can't even make up for the absence of snow by getting mugged.

The 76ers flew into Detroit last week following their fourth straight home-court defeat, a club record. After a 90-minute workout in Cobo Arena, Ramsay was hoofing it back to his hotel when an accompanying radio announcer noticed a bus-stop sign that read BOARD COACH HERE.

"This is where we jump on you," the announcer said to Ramsay. In a flash Ramsay flung himself to the pavement and stretched out supine in the middle of the roadway. "O.K.," he said, and then he lay silent. A group of pedestrians glared at Ramsay and moved on shaking their heads.

The same response was even more appropriate the next night, when the 76ers lost to the Pistons. At 104–104 in regulation, Philadelphia had possession for the last 41 seconds without taking a legal shot. Guard Archie Clark missed everything with a corner jumper just as the 24-second clock expired. Matty Guokas got the nonrebound, Philadelphia was improperly allowed to keep the ball, but the 76ers couldn't get a shot in the 17 seconds before the buzzer—Hal Greer dribbled the time away. In the first overtime, the score tied again, the Pistons doubled-teamed Clark and the 24-second clock expired with three seconds remaining. In the second overtime the Pistons won.

So Ramsay went for a long walk, looking for mortification. "I tried to get mugged for two hours," he said, "and nobody would handle me. I walked the worst street in Detroit waving a roll of bills and nothing happened."

THE SPORTING LOOK

Many of the greatest athletes seem to have eyes in the back of their heads. They notice tacklers coming in from nowhere, or pick up teammates to pass to on the other side of the court, or get a fix on the passing sideline shot in a way that is almost miraculous. Such highly developed peripheral vision, suggests a psycho-biologist in California, makes sports stars closer than ordinary men to the snakes and birds.

Dr. Colwyn Trevarthen of the California Institute of Technology reports that his studies on brain-surgery patients have revealed peripheral vision to be controlled by a second sight system in the human brain. This system, he says, very likely evolved from the primitive form of visual awareness enjoyed by reptiles, birds and other lower animal forms.

Trevarthen postulates that this "so-called unconscious" sight travels through different nerve channels to the cortex before it interacts with the primary visual system to form the full picture. "The primitive optic system allows you to respond automatically to what's going on in the space around you as a whole," Trevarthen explains. "If something unexpected moves outside the central field of attention, it registers first through this second, more primitive system before the classical visual system becomes aware of it."

Trevarthen, whose own athletic endeavors are limited to mountain *climbing* and hiking, says, "We are only at the beginning of a true understanding of how this second sight works—perhaps we should ask athletes more about it."

And when we ask them, perhaps we should address them as "Snake Eyes."

PANNED IN BOSTON

In Boston, where the battles of Bunker Hill and Ted Williams were fought in days gone by, the sports pages are locked in a titanic struggle with Clive Rush, in his first year as head coach of the Boston Patriots. Rush has reacted to stories he dislikes by banning various scribes from practice and dressing room.

When the Pats opened their season in Denver with a 35–7 loss, he insisted that writers should have said the team had been "edged." Rush's postgame press conferences, charge the Boston writers, consist largely of grunts, one-word replies or "No comment." When someone asked about the draft status of rookie Running Back Carl Garrett, Rush did go so far as to say, "Why make a federal case of a federal case?"

One way or another, Rush has given the press something to chew on. Most recently he insulted Boston College, which is rather reluctantly sharing its stadium with the Patriots this year. When several inebriated fans paraded down the devastated field through the rain at halftime of the Boston-Miami game Sunday before last, Rush took offense. "Boston College may permit that sort of thing," he said, "but it's beneath the dignity of professional football."

Since no one can recall such a procession at a BC game, that school's hierarchy may well be in sympathy with the standard gag among Beantown writers lately: "It's spelled 'Clive' Rush, but it's pronounced 'Cleave'—as in 'leave.'"

But the Boston papers may not insist on crowding Rush out of town entirely. After all, former Red Sox Manager Dick Williams, who had troubles himself with the Fourth Estate before being fired last September, is currently appearing in local newspaper ads. "Hi, I'm Dick Williams," goes the text in part, "and when you find yourself suddenly out of work, that's when you really appreciate the comfort of a savings account at. . ."

THEY SAID IT

- Al Denson, Denver wide receiver, explaining what it's like to be tackled at the same moment you catch the ball: "It's like walking out of a store with a bag of groceries and getting hit by a car. Sometimes you don't care what happens to the bag."
- Ottis Mooney, defensive coach at the University of Miami, on recruiting: "I had one real good one in Florida to recruit. I really worked on the parents, believing it to be the way. Coach Paul Bryant of Alabama worked on the boy. I dined and danced with the boy's mother. The boy went to Alabama. The mother enrolled at Miami." **END**

The horse is better than most 1970 cars.



We are not joking. The run-of-the-mill 1970 car is an affront to progress.

It's too expensive to buy. And too expensive to run. It's almost impossible to park, and maneuvering it through city traffic would try the nerves of a saint.

You'd be better off with a horse.

Which is sure-footed, inexpensive, maneuverable and it eats hay. Nice, cheap, hay.

We, at Renault, are one of the few automakers to make a car that's better than the horse.

The Renault 10.

Since it gets 35 miles to the gallon, it is cheap to run.

And since it has independent suspension and disc brakes, it is sure-footed and easy to stop.

And since it is maneuverable, it is easy to park.

And since it costs $1,725*, it is easy to buy.

And it is also more comfortable than the horse.



RENAULT

Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 24, 1969

KC HAD THE HOT HAND

Despite Joe Namath's insulated mittens, the Jets were cold, and the Chiefs, with razzle by tiny Warren McVea and dazzle by Len Dawson and Otis Taylor, his favorite receiver, won 34–16

by ROBERT F. JONES

When it comes to camouflage, the Viet Cong are a bunch of taxi-squadders compared to Coach Hank Stram and his Kansas City Chiefs. Stram is the Doge of Deception, the Cagliostro, if you will, of Confusion, the Maestro of the Mask as it is currently worn in the world of pro football formations. And nowhere was the murky art more evident than in Shea Stadium last Sunday as Kansas City bedazzled the world champion New York Jets 34–16.

On the Chiefs' very first play from scrimmage, following a Jets fumble on *their* very first play from scrimmage, Stram unveiled a brand-new formation—the 31st in a series originating with his Tight-End 1—and it clicked for an 18-yard touchdown pass, Len Dawson to Otis Taylor. The formation was so new that it sounded like some bizarre prototype on the drawing boards of Detroit: the GT Slot. Some players—and Stram himself—insisted on calling it the Camouflage Slot, but GT sounds jazzier, so let it thus be known. To implement it, Dawson put one wide receiver, the crafty Taylor, into a slot between guard and tackle on the right (GT—get it?). Tight End Fred Arbanas, the one-eyed wizard, lined up on the left, with Gloster Richardson way outboard of him. At the snap, utter confusion in the Jet secondary. And, admittedly, a bit among the Chiefs.

"I didn't think I was the primary receiver on that play," said Taylor. "It didn't really matter. Freddy and Gloster were both clear, too. I stepped out a bit and then angled left and I didn't even know Lenny was throwing to me. He was looking right and under a hard rush. Then he just kind of *flang* the ball to the left, and I had to run mighty hard to get there."

It was the first of three touchdowns for Taylor, of four for the Chiefs. And the third also came by way of a brand-new play, a wing reverse by substitute Running Back Warren McVea that gained 21 yards and helped set up McVea's two-yard scoring run four plays later. McVea—who gained 102 yards rushing—is known to his colleagues as Motor Mouse, and Taylor—96 yards on seven catches—as Slug. Between them they slugged a few mice onto the Jets' collective countenance. With a little help from their friends in the red pants, that is.

Stram's game plan was to run over the Jet tackles and pass at the cornerbacks, where the Jets are weakest. Dawson soon discovered that neither Mike Garrett nor Bobby Holmes could squeeze through the cracks forced by the Chiefs' mountainous line. Earlier in the season the runty running backs—both are 5'9", though Holmes weighs an astonishing 220—had been able to use the masking bulk of their blockers to get loose. Not against New York.

So Dawson turned to the pass. He hit Garrett for 25 yards, then Taylor for 16—both on the corners—Taylor practically stuffing Jet Cornerback Cornell Gordon into the sideline seats, but in the process he aggravated the abdominal muscle pull that had kept him out of three full games. It wasn't serious, though, and Taylor would be back for more.

Stopped at the Jet 14, the Chiefs turned to the kick, namely Kicker Jan Stenerud, Norway's answer to Supertoe Jim Turner of New York. Stenerud made it 10–0. Then the Jets struck back. With Maynard and George Sauer wiggling nicely and Cornerback John Dockery redeeming a Snell fumble with a 28-yard interception, the Jets got into Turner country, and The Tank kicked a field goal from the 10-yard line. A bit of back-and-forth and Joe Namath was on the move. Maynard burned Jim Marsalis, the kid who had given him so much grief with grabby coverage in the College All-Star Game, and finally Broadway uncorked a perfect 40-yarder to Sauer over Cornerback Emmitt Thomas to tie the game at 10–10.

Then the grim deceivers took over, this time for keeps, Dawson moving them 81 yards in a dozen plays for the go-ahead touchdown. It came on another hit of Kansas City razzle-dazzle. With second and three on the Jet seven-yard line, Dawson sent Arbanas into position for a lag pass. Until then Arbanas had been holding for a couple of counts before drifting outside in the direction of Cornell Gordon. This time Gordon, whose main responsibility was Taylor, waited for Arbanas, but he didn't show. By the time Gordon had diagnosed the play, Taylor had slipped into the end zone and was two steps ahead of him. Although Dawson was about to be inundated by a green Jet wave, he got off the pass to Taylor. It looked like a busted play, but maybe—probably—it wasn't. Stram

continued

Namath tried to warm up with a new gimmick—"self-heating" mittens—but no dice.




15
16


89

wouldn't say, and as Taylor explained: "Man, you *want* to sow confusion."

The closing minutes of the first half sealed the Jets' fate. Dawson once again moved the Chiefs into field-goal range, and Stenerud kicked his ninth straight from the 38—one more and he ties Dennis Partee's AFL record. It was now 20–10 Chiefs and less than a minute left in the half. The Chiefs have a way of going into the locker room with a fresh score to keep them happy during the great half-time show, but it suddenly looked like it would be the Jets who would be celebrating. Boozer slammed out of a left-side trap and raced 50 yards before he was dropped on the Chief's 21. Twenty seconds left, Willie Whiteshoes has his arm cocked, Tight End Pete Lammons is clearing for the end zone. But Johnny Robinson intercepts and the half ends with the Jets down by 10.

One supposed that the Jets *could* have emerged from the intermission all fired up, but one didn't really believe it. With the first series after the second-half kickoff it was clear which was the better team this cold, bright afternoon before an AFL record crowd of 63,849. Dawson found his running key with the McVea sweep, he found his receivers open often enough, and after 68 yards in 12 plays he had a 27–10 lead on McVea's touchdown run. The score seemed almost anticlimactic, as did Namath's second touchdown pass, a nifty number that found Maynard clear in a corner of the end zone. Jerry Mays, the Chiefs' defensive end, remembers hitting Namath's throwing shoulder with a forearm just as the ball was thrown. "I hit him pow, like that," said Mays, "but his hand kept right on coming, up past my mask and past my ear, and he hit Maynard. Heck of a guy, Namath. Once when I dropped him, he said, 'Boy, that hurt.' I helped him to his feet."

And that's the Chiefs for you—deceptive even in their manners. Big and hard-hitting, they can also be gentlemen. But can they win the big ones? By the evidence—the '67 Super Bowl, last year's AFL West playoff—maybe not.

But what too many people fail to recognize is that the Chiefs are a team in the process of rebuilding, a fact that makes their performance to date doubly impressive. As Stram points out, with an understandable touch of pride, only four of his defensive regulars started in the 1967 Super Bowl. Clearly, Stram is a superlative trader and drafter, as well as a hard-driving, innovative coach. Witness his defensive secondary: Jim Kearney, a so-so cornerback released by Philadelphia and converted by Stram into a strong strong safety. Marsalis, the No. 1 draft choice from Tennessee State who fits into the silent intercommunications of the defense like a veteran; Emmitt Thomas, the other corner, a free agent from Bishop (which is a small college in Dallas), who has supplanted Goldie Sellers; Johnny Robinson, the free safety, who with his speed and savvy provides the continuity—indeed, the spirit—of Stram's defensive backfield.

Two other trades serve to underscore Stram's canniness. He picked up Tackle Curley Culp from Denver and plugged him into the already impressive front four. Culp was an NCAA wrestling champion at Arizona State and combines that talent with sound football sense in his clever, grappling pass rush. The other smart trade was on offense. Stram, blessed with the accurate toe of Stenerud, dealt his other soccer-style kicker, Horst Muhlmann of West Germany (along with a fourth-round draft choice), to Cincinnati for McVea. The diminutive (he's 5′ 9″, too) and cantankerous McVea had been used by Paul Brown at flanker, but Stram chose to employ him at his first love—running back. McVea, who shaves his head to enhance his bullet-like image, has the speed the Chiefs have heretofore lacked—he turns the 40 in 4.2.

Working for Stram can be rugged. A stickler for fitness, he has festooned the walls of his practice field with inspirational graffiti. One reads:

UGLY FAT . . .
YOU can't be FAT . . .
. . . and FAST, too.

FAT IS HARD TO SEE, FAT IS HARD TO DETECT, IT HIDES UNDER THICK SKIN, IT ENSLAVES AND SLOWS THE WHOLE BODY, AN UNTRAINED EYE CANNOT FIND FAT.

LIFT • RUN • DIET • WORK

And if you don't, Chiefling, then Stram will fine you $50 a pound. One Chief who learned about fat the hard way is Willie Lanier, the All-League middle linebacker. Now he nibbles salads for lunch with the dyspeptic disgruntlement of a matron at the Golden Door. His teammates used to call him Contact for his brutal tackling, usually effected with his head. Then, in a game last year against the Chargers, Lanier found himself tackling two John Hadls instead of one. He missed them both—the double vision being the result of a mild concussion acquired in earlier tackles. Now Lanier uses his bowling-ball shoulders and thick upper body in his tackling, and his buddies call him Honey Bear. Concussion or no, Lanier has one of the finest signal-calling heads in football defense; he is that anomaly, a black middle linebacker.

There is no racial friction on the Chiefs. "We're almost weirdly compatible," says Mays, the white Christian athlete from Texas. "The ratio of black to white is 8-3 on defense, and we have nothing but mutual admiration for one another. There's a strange sort of confidence evident here—a poise that we never had before. Last year you could feel it on its way to happening, and now we finally have the talent to match the earlier effort."

Fittingly, perhaps, it was Lanier who really ended any Jet hopes for a last-minute comeback Sunday. Namath had moved the ball down to the Chiefs' 10-yard line with a shade more than two minutes left. Sure, it was 34–16, but Namath's Namath, and the odds—at least to a diehard—weren't insuperable. Joe Willie sent Sauer out on a curl to the inside. Good call—it was third and half a yard for the first down. Who would have thought Joe would pass? Well, Willie Lanier, for one. He called a zone and, when Namath's pass popped out of Sauer's hands, Lanier was there to snatch it away. The Honey Bear gallumphed 44 yards, and that was it for New York.

"That was a storm situation," recalled Right Linebacker Jimmy Lynch after the game, "and anyone else would have played it against the run. But Willie went to the zone because he sort of *read* Namath. A team is always testing its own strength, and this game gave us a chance to see how good we really are. Believe me, New York was ready to test us. I figure we passed."

Said Lanier: "Man, I thought I could have gone all the way, but I just plain ran out of gas. I guess I need a few more salads and a little less ugly fat. Haw, haw, haw." **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER

Len Dawson, who hit on 23 of 38 passes, sets up for one, possibly to Robert Holmes (45). Otis Taylor (below, being tackled by John Dockery) caught three for touchdowns.

THE BROOKLYN DELICATESSEN CAPER

Getting rich on the races—a dream to so many—inspired the Fulton Street mob that stole $1.3 million in Aqueduct receipts **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

Until last week the sandwiches at Nielsen's Delicatessen, a green-fronted, narrow shop underneath the elevated tracks on Fulton Street in Brooklyn, were never especially famous outside the neighborhood. Then on Wednesday morning, about an hour before noon, a Wells Fargo armored truck pulled up at the curb. Barry Kateridge, a 21-year-old guard, went inside to get a roast pork on rye and a paper cup of green pea soup. After he returned to the truck, Jim Kerrigan, 60, who for 39 years has been carrying fortunes in other people's small bills, executed the same round trip for a Braunschweiger and cheese on rye with mayonnaise and a thin slice of Bermuda onion. A few minutes later their other partner, Thomas Raftery, 55, came down the sidewalk. "Open up, here comes Raftery," said Kateridge. When Kerrigan opened the door, there stood Raftery with an elbow cocked at his throat and a snub-nosed .38 pistol pointing at each ear.

No doubt the pistols were in the hands of men who do not scorn horseplayers. That is to be hoped, at least, for the two *pistoleros* and another friend drove the Wells Fargo truck and its three guards, now handcuffed and hooded by money sacks inside their vehicle, two blocks along Fulton, turned right for two blocks down Chestnut, parked under trees that were dropping yellow leaves and in three more minutes cruised off in a stolen beige Chevrolet with $1.3 million in pari-mutuel and gate money from Aqueduct Racetrack. Thus they became, for the present, among the biggest winners in the history of American gambling. Regardless of the distasteful aspects of the event, hardly a rosy heart does not beat lighter at the thought that betting on a long shot can indeed produce riches enough to keep a man in a Swiss castle for all the rest of his days.

What pained was that the robbers, for all their daring, became rattled under the gaze of several Brooklyn housewives and departed in such haste that they left behind 11 canvas bags containing $700,000 in coin and paper. They had chosen to park the truck on a quiet street of two-story brick row houses frequently decorated with American flags. There were kids bouncing rubber balls against the walls, and women were sweeping leaves on the sidewalks. "So the women got nosy about these guys, as women will, God bless them," said Deputy Inspector Thomas J. Gleason, who is in charge of the force of 50 New York City detectives trying to find the three hijackers. Just as the anxious scofflaws suspected, one of the women phoned the cops. Nevertheless, the hijackers escaped with enough unmarked, undetectable money to rank them second in the holdup hall of fame. In another couple of minutes, if those women had minded their own affairs, the three Fulton Street bandits would have been No. 1. As it is, Brooklyn can boast of the nation's most expensive business lunch.

It may strike some that there is more than a touch of mindlessness in three guards taking off for lunch with $2 million in their truck. But the three are members of Local 820 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, and they were following union rules. It is required that drivers stop for lunch within 3½ and 4½ hours after reporting for work. Kerrigan, Kateridge and Raftery had checked in that morning at 7:45. They had motored out to Aqueduct—in Ozone Park, Queens, about a 10-minute drive from Nielsen's Delicatessen—and had loaded their truck with money that bettors had lost at the track on Monday and Tuesday. There was no armored-car run on Tuesday because it was Veterans Day. Then Kerrigan, Kateridge and Raftery (surely there is a song in that) set forth for the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. on Wall Street.

The shortest route to Wall Street is not the one taken by Wells Fargo van No. 564. The truck detoured onto Fulton Street and halted in a crowded block that is usually lined with cars and contains a Chinese restaurant, a pizzeria, a doughnut shop and a printer among its enterprises. However, the truck was not lured there by Nielsen's sandwiches alone. Raftery lives on Crescent Street, around the corner from the delicatessen. He went home for lunch.

"These guards are simple souls, like ourselves," said Inspector Gleason. But they were not so simple that they attempted to challenge those pistols. According to Kateridge, one of the bandits was quite nervous, and his hand was shaking badly. Kerrigan reached for a gun. "For God's sake, put it away," Kateridge told him. "If you want to live to collect your pension, drop it," said one hijacker. Kerrigan dropped it. A Wells Fargo driver makes about $150 per week and has a $10,000 life insurance policy. If he is killed in action, his heirs collect an additional $15,000. That sort of payoff does not excite most guards into spending their lives in a fighting frenzy. The bandits had considerably stronger motivation.

Perhaps the money would have been defended with more spirit had it still belonged to the public. "The bettors had lost it already. It wasn't theirs anymore," pointed out Bob Relay, recording secretary for Teamsters Local 820. Relay was not at all happy about suggestions that it might have been wiser to transport the cash directly to the bank without pausing for lunch, nor did he welcome innuendos that the van's route placed it in a spot where the hijackers, who could have looked up Raftery's address in the Brooklyn phone book, had a rather easy ambush. "We don't want to make any waves," Relay said. "We've got enough trouble in the armored-car industry now. When the time comes proper, the union will have something to say. We could say different from what the company says, but we don't want it known at this time what we got in mind. If everybody knew what we were doing, we'd have an armored-car robbery every two days."

At the mention of Wells Fargo the



popular notion is of a stagecoach rocking along a dusty road through a mountain pass with a shotgun guard sitting atop a strongbox that holds the miners' payroll. There was a television show of some seasons past that was called *Wells Fargo* and starred Dale Robertson as a laconic cowboy superagent who beat everybody to the draw, no matter how many snuh-nosed pistols were aimed at his head, and always retrieved the payroll when other Wells Fargo employees were so negligent as to deliver it to outlaws. Sad to say, that idea of Wells Fargo hardly applies today. The company has no cops, laconic or otherwise, of its own, other than what are referred to as "security people," whose function is to inspect the routes to be traveled by armored cars. They presumably include the route that led van No. 564 to Nielsen's Delicatessen. Dale Robertson certainly would have discovered that Thomas Raftery lived around the corner.

"We don't need private cops," said Charles Gribbon, regional vice-president of Wells Fargo. "There are city cops and FBI to do the job for us." One may wonder why the FBI leaps immediately into the service of armored-truck proprietors. It is because in any case involving $5,000 or more the law puts an armored truck under the same guardianship that it puts a bank, although armored trucks are far more difficult to protect. A bank teller very seldom takes the contents of his cash drawer with him when he goes home to lunch, unless he has no intention of returning. Armored-truck crews are supposed to be changed daily, given new assignments and different routes. An employee of Nielsen's Delicatessen did admit, though, that armored-truck crews—not necessarily Kerrigan, Kateridge and Raftery—dine regularly at Nielsen's cold cuts counter. "We got good sandwiches and good prices," the employee said. To the Commercial Union Insurance Company, which was responsible for the Aqueduct shipment, last Wednesday's price may have seemed rather dear.

Wells Fargo is only half as large an outfit as Brinks, which runs armored trucks in more than 100 cities. As the underdog maybe Wells Fargo is not picked on as often by the type of high-minded criminal who has the grand imagination needed for a score in the millions. For whatever reason, neither Inspector Gleason nor Vice-President Gribbon can recall a Wells Fargo truck ever being held up before in New York, where one out of 50 citizens can expect to be burglarized in an ordinary year and one out of 150 surrenders his money at the threat of a knife or gun. That it is really not much harder to steal $1.3 million from an armored truck than it is to take $85 from a liquor store owner who is armed and protecting his own property is a fact that has been astonishingly slow to penetrate the outlaw intellect.

"The had thing about this Wells Fargo hijacking is that it will excite the cupidity of other stickup artists," Inspector Gleason said. "They've been doing jobs that if they hit it big they'd get $5,000. Now they see how to make a million. That's like showing honey to the bee." Usually a robbery of epic proportions has an insider among its plotters, someone to leave a door unlocked, an alarm unplugged or a confidence unconfidential. Inspector Gleason has put Kerrigan, Kateridge and Raftery through the lie detector routine, and all emerged with their stories verified. "I still can't totally discount the inside possibility, but at this point, to me, the guards just look stupid," said Gleason. "Of course, this job was well planned. The crux of the matter is to get inside the truck without getting shot by the guards. That takes a good deal of nerve."

Despite the testimony about the badly shaking pistol hand, the three bandits displayed admirable grit in marching up to the armored truck on a busy street and climbing right in. That is the sporting way. One of the outlaws even wore a blue baseball cap. Now if they can avoid being betrayed for the $125,000 reward, can resist the lush life for a while and can keep their mouths shut around their girl friends, they will be remembered forever, with a sneaking fondness, as three who beat the races. **END**

OHIO STATE: ALONE AT THE TOP

There may be some frivolous claims for Texas or Penn State, but anyone who saw the Buckeyes dismember Mike Phipps and Purdue last week knows that if you're looking for No. 1, Columbus is it **by DAN JENKINS**

This is just the seed of an idea, gang, but you can go ahead and slap it on the side of your helmet with all those Buckeye leaves and see if it will stick. The deal is this. On New Year's Day when even Notre Dame is in a postseason football game for the first time in 45 years and when Texas and Penn State are struggling to present their cases for No. 1, let's all go back out to gray, icy, contemptible old Columbus, Ohio and play us the game of the decade, which we would call the Woody Bowl. We'll take that Ohio State offense with Rex Kern all wound up and put it at one end of the field, and we'll take that Ohio State defense with Jack Tatum pawing at the turf—and by now wanted for manslaughter in Lafayette, Ind.—and put it at the other. And then on a signal like, say, the dropping of a few assorted No. 1 trophies at midfield, we'll let them come screaming at one another while we, being careful, somewhat like Purdue last week, press our forefingers to our ears and turn our heads away just before impact.

It would be some crash, boy, but it might be the only way this dazed collegiate world of 1969 would ever find out what the best team in the country is. The other major undefeateds can howl all they wish but if the Buckeyes do it to Michigan this week they will be the national champions for the second year in a row—and what the college game will have on its hands is another of those dynasty things, one of those Oklahomas of the mid-1950s which won 4,000 straight games or something.

And the only question left will be this one about whether Ohio State's offense or defense is the more magnificent. There are these *two* teams out there in Columbus, you see, as most everybody in that disaster area once known as the Big Ten can tell you. There is the offense belonging to Quarterback Rex Kern and occasionally to Coach Woody Hayes—when Woody can get the plays in before Rex can call the snap. It is perhaps the only attack in the nation that makes a *defense* hear footsteps. It is an offense that rages for about 46 points a game and already is the highest-scoring team in Ohio State history even though the first unit wouldn't know a fourth quarter from chemistry lab.

And then there is the defense belonging to Cornerback Jack Tatum down on the field and Assistant Coach Lou McCullough up in the booth. This is a destruction outfit that encourages itinerant ballcarriers and pass receivers to slip down and crawl under the grass before the redshirts arrive, one that goes around limiting opponents to just over a touchdown per Saturday in an era when touchdowns are cheaper by the dozen.

All season long it has been impossible for Buckeye watchers, who travel in groups of 86,000, give or take an extra mackinaw, to decide which of the two units is more responsible for Ohio State's success or, as a matter of fact, which is the more fun to be awed by.

Last Saturday the Purdue game was supposed to furnish the big answer for everyone. Ohio State would be meeting a good team at last after seven consecutive rag dolls. Purdue was a 7-1 team averaging 37 points a game, a laughing conqueror of Notre Dame, a team with a devastating history of concocting upsets over No. 1s, indeed, a team led by the brilliance of Mike Phipps, who was merely the total offense leader of the U.S., perhaps the top draft choice of the pros and a very serious candidate for that coveted, oversized paperweight known as the Heisman Trophy.

Some answer. The game worked out pretty much the way Woody Hayes confidentially told a close friend it would. "You don't think our kids are gonna let this slip away from them *now*, do you?" he had said. That philosophy gradually worked its way around Columbus last week and everybody believed it to the point that when Purdue was discussed Buckeye fans would hold up five fingers and say, "We win by this—and I don't mean five points."

They were right, of course. It was about 70-7 in tone and 42-14 on the scoreboard, but it did nothing to settle the gnawing question about the relative stupendousness of those two separate teams that Ohio State has—Kern's and Tatum's. Both played out their roles as friskily as usual, knocking so many Purdue guys backwards and sometimes out you would have thought that Woody had scheduled Hanoi.

With Kern running, passing, faking, blocking and in spare moments looking around for concrete portals to run into, the offense got its usual quota of six touchdowns, four of them before the half, by which time the game was of course over. The 186-pound, 6' junior, who has one of those squinty-eyed expressions like the neighborhood prankster and always seems to be smiling, did everything so expertly he made most of his worshipers forget that their feet were frozen.

On a day when a lot of mistakes would have been excused because of the stadium's refrigeration, young Rex wrought not only those 42 points but some 436 yards in total offense as he personally ran for two touchdowns and hurled a 38-yard pass for another. He was so frenzied out there at times that he had the team racing out of the huddle and lin-

continued

Showing what he does best, Kern starts what might be a pass but probably will be a run





Kern's wizardry bedeviled Purdue all day. Here he hands off to Hayden (22). Or does he?



Jim Teal (49) and Bill Yancher converge to stop Hayden, but Kern has kept the ball.



As Hayden is wrestled to earth by deluded defense, Kern skirts end in relative privacy.

ing up before Hayes could shuttle in the call.

"Sometimes the plays from the bench ruin our momentum," Kern explained later. "We had 'em on the ropes and I wanted to get it in there."

Nor was the defense bothered by the cold, the 23 degrees and the 20-mile winds that forced Woody Hayes, who always wears shirtsleeves, to put on a jacket. The defense not only had the killing presence of Tatum—another of those boisterous juniors, roaming the secondary to make Purdue's receivers believe they were hearing the Chinese army marching down the Olentangy River Road—but it also had a lot of special tricks Lou McCullough had worked up for stopping Mike Phipps. It had floating zones, concealed man-for-mans and surprise blitzes, a variety of defensive innovations with such marvelous names as "Eddie Go" and "Cindy Crash." With it all, the Ohio defenders practically gave a daylong demonstration of how to set the passing game back to 1912.

Five interceptions it got. Three fumbles it got. A punt return for a touchdown it got. And a miserly 29 yards rushing it allowed poor old Purdue, which tried to use exactly what Ohio State figured it would try to use. "They'll send five men out," McCullough had said. "They'll try to catch us in double cover on the outs and hit us in the seams, and pretty much at 20 and 30 yards, but we'll be there. I might guess wrong with him a few times but maybe our kids can pick it up."

Much of the game nowadays is played upstairs in isolated booths. Up there a coach calls a play to the bench where another coach signals to the quarterback who takes it to the line and then uses it or an audible. Meanwhile, another coach calls a defense to the bench, which is signaled to the field, whereupon a defender uses it or changes it at the last second by hollering out such things as "Stay, stay," or "Go, go."

At Ohio State the defense is entirely in the mind and yelling of McCullough, a little Southerner who has been with Woody since 1963. Hayes almost never sees the defense, and there is this joke that he hardly knows the players' names. The last time he even spoke to Jack Tatum, the story goes, is when he was a freshman who one day returned a punt zigzag about 60 yards for a touchdown against the varsity, and Woody, on the

continued

Jack Tatum (32), a lion on defense and the cause of many Purdue incompletions, stalks a fallen Stan Brown as the ball rolls loose



Dueling for a Phipps pass, Mike Sensibaugh outpositions Ashley Ball.



Sensibaugh wins the battle, one of five State interceptions.







verge of ripping up his cap or biting his wrist, or whatever he has been known to do out of the intensity that consumes him, went up to Tatum and said, "Son, at Ohio State we run straight for the goal line."

Well, it really might not matter whether Woody's offense or McCullough's defense is the more spectacular. They combine to make up one of the most imposing teams of any season, one that carries a 22-game winning streak into Michigan this week, one that has piled up 371 points in eight Saturdays and, just as important as anything, one that will lose only seven players out of the top 22 for 1970. Kern and Tatum and a lot of other fierce individuals will be back, which suggests that the only thing the Buckeyes have to fear in the immediate future is their preseason scrimmages.

This is such a good team, in fact, that one must pause for a moment and think about what it all means. First, there is this business of winning a second straight national title, which will come, either unanimously or in shares thereof, with a victory over Michigan. If it is pretty much unanimous, then that will not have been done since Bud Wilkinson's Sooners of 1955-56, the Tommy McDonald-Jerry Tubbs crowd.

Next, with so many Kerns and Tatums returning next season, one has to assume that the prospects are certainly bright for three in a row, which hasn't been accomplished since the Glenn Davis-Doc Blanchard forces at Army in the 1940s. Bright isn't a bad word for it. The Buckeyes open with such dandies in 1970 as Texas A&M and Duke and then they go into the sadly weakened Big Ten for the same staggering lineup of foes, except that improving Michigan and troublesome Minnesota must come to Columbus.

Woody felt, incidentally, that the Minnesota game (a paltry 34–7 victory) was this year's team letdown, but he likes to blame it on a Friday night movie. "The kids went to see that *Easy Rider*," he said, "and they were so depressed by it they didn't play well."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.

Hurried, Phipps gets the ball away but takes a helmet in the stomach in return. The day was so icy it caused Woody Hayes to break with tradition and don a jacket while a Purdue cheerleader huddled in double misery.

This becomes more amusing when one scans the Buckeye squad and notices all the deep sideburns, mustaches and shaggy hair, which Woody permits as a bit of an irony to his nature. Hayes may be an enthusiastic hawk, one who is returning to Vietnam this Christmas (for the fifth year in a row), but he is a realist who knows ballplayers have to stay happy. Happiness is winning with sideburns today. He has also avoided any problems with his black athletes, primarily by using them even when he shouldn't. Example: he started John Brockington at fullback once this year ahead of Jim Otis, his leading scorer and ground-gainer. Brockington was delighted and Otis was so annoyed he started running tougher than ever. Wily old Woody.

Another national championship this season would mean something special to this most cantankerous and yet fascinating of coaches. It would give him five such titles, tying him with people like Frank Leahy and Bernie Bierman as having the most ever—and it would put him safely and surprisingly up on a number of coaching geniuses like Bear Bryant, Knute Rockne and Wilkinson, who each won only three. And next year of course Woody would have a chance to make it six, given the good health of Rex Kern and Jack Tatum.

Kern was involved in three plays against Purdue that demonstrated precisely what kind of athlete he is. On one of them he proved he has as good an arm as anyone when he drifted back to throw that long touchdown pass to End Bruce Jankowski. The Purdue rush, big and tall, was bearing right into him, right there in his face, but Rex let sail a beauty that must have traveled 40 yards in the air and Jankowski never broke stride to take it between two defenders who were half a step late. This was the play that made the score 28–0, a runaway, for it also proved not only to Purdue but to the national television audience that Ohio State can beat you every way there is.

Kern does a lot of running on intentional option keeps but he rambles just as well when he darts out of a passing pocket and improvises. Doing both he got nearly 100 yards on the Boilermakers, but he gave back a whole bunch of it the one time the Purdue rush trapped him. Anyhow, there was this one special time when Rex came out of the pocket and steamed upfield and hurled himself headlong into a clutch of defenders. It took one of them a couple of moments to get up while Rex bounded back to the huddle clapping his hands.

The other time when Kern showed what kind of iron framework he has was when he unleashed a long incompletion under another furious rush. The instant the ball left his hand a big Purdue end, Bill McKoy, who happens to be 6′ 4″, 230 and mean, popped him so hard Kern did an absolute backward flip and sort of skidded to a halt. At first it looked as if several things had been broken because Rex held his chest and moved slowly. In a minute, however, he was running as fanatically as ever, looking for somebody to hit.

Although he has splendid help from players like Otis and Leo Hayden and Larry Zelina, Kern is the player who gives Ohio State a great attack, just as Jack Tatum stands out among Lou McCullough's glittering array of defenders, which include the nose guard Jim Stillwagon, the other stars in the secondary such as Mike Sensibaugh, Ted Provost and Tim Anderson and Linebacker Phil Strickland. All of their headgear are littered with those leafy decals for valor. Buckeye leaves. They get them all kinds of ways, and as many as 42 have been awarded in a single game. They wear them only on the right, which may or may not have any significance.

The unfortunate thing about this Ohio State team, as we all know, is that it has no place to go on New Year's Day. Woody has said that if—if, he stresses—his team winds up No. 1, it will be a shame to hide it, this being the centennial year of college football. He would go back to the Rose Bowl if the Big Ten would waive the no-repeat rule, or he would even go somewhere else to play Texas or whoever winds up No. 2. The chance remains slim, however, that the Big Ten faculty representatives will permit it. College football might be 100 years old, but books and lectures are older.

And anyhow, it might not be so bad to spend the holidays the way Halfback Larry Zelina expects to spend them in Ohio.

"It might be kind of fun to sit by the fire on New Year's Day and watch all the games," Zelina said. "Knowing you're No. 1." **END**



In fierce secrecy end et enormous coet, French pen lord Marcel Bich is pushing e formidable challenge for the America'e Cup. A famoue U.S. yechtsman, employing 007 techniques, penetretes the veil

by **CARLETON MITCHELL**

$2 MILLION BERTH TO NEWPORT

While not quite so well guarded a secret as *la force de frappe* or nuclear tests on a remote island in Polynesia, French preparations leading to a challenge for the America's Cup off Newport next summer have proceeded behind a discreet curtain of silence. If this seems uncharacteristic, it is symbolic of an effort most un-French in popularly superficial terms. For not only is the Holy Grail of yachting being pursued with Gallic ardor, but all clues lead to the conclusion that finally a challenge is being mounted with an efficiency to match past American measures for defense.

As I snuffled along the trail from the shores of the Mediterranean to the bastions of the New York Yacht Club, with a scouting expedition to Switzerland and 007ish contacts in darkest Paris, the magnitude and thoroughness of the French preparations emerged bit by bit. The more I learned, the more I was impressed. In the words of Bob Bavier, helmsman of *Constellation* during her victorious defense at Newport and afterward on practice races off Marseilles, "If the French don't make it, it won't be for lack of trying. Nothing is too much trouble to do, no detail is too unimportant to follow through." After a pause he added, "And no expense seems too great." Indeed, by the time the French get to Newport next summer they will have spent between $1.5 million and $2 million on the quest.

Since 1964, the year *Sovereign* was defeated in four straight races by *Constellation*, the French challenge has been in the making. That autumn *Sovereign* was bought by Baron Marcel Bich, an industrialist who had created a worldwide empire through the ubiquitous ballpoint pen labeled with his name minus the "h." Never the isle so little, never the kiosk or stationer so remote, but over the clutter of merchandise the sloped block letters BIC leapt forth from a display. With a current worldwide production of six million pens per day, Bic is the unquestioned sales leader in the United States and throughout Europe.

The story goes that Bich became involved in 12-meters through a casual conversation. On a hunt his Dutch shooting companion, Pierre Goemans, mentioned he was going to England the following week, and Bich is reported to have requested that he buy for him a "*joli bateau*," which turned out to be *Sovereign*. This canard is apparently the earliest vintage of an astonishing crop of rumors surrounding Bich, stemming partially from his steadfast refusal to talk to any journalist. Not only is the story out of character but, according to his son Bruno, the baron first became fascinated by the beauty and power of Twelves through a picture story published by *Paris-Match* in 1962. He was also intrigued by the symbolism of the cup and its history of exclusive Anglo-Saxon rivalry.

Ostensibly *Sovereign* was to be a day sailer for the Bich family, which includes nine children, and indeed it was thus that her career under the tricolor began, as a replacement for a cruising boat of ancient vintage. During the summer of 1965 the family toasted on deck in the Mediterranean sun and swam over the side when the breeze died. But when the wind blew *Sovereign* came alive as only a 12-meter can.

It is impossible to say just when the



AT BICH'S OUTPOST ON THE ATLANTIC THERE IS NO MISTAKING HIS DOCK OR MISSION

baron was bitten by the America's Cup bug, but certainly by fall he was a victim of that most insidious and costly of sporting diseases. According to one version, his thinking about a challenger soon reached the stage where he conferred with André Maurie, a leading French designer. Maurie confessed knowing nothing of the class: to familiarize himself the quickest way possible, by taking off lines which would give him a point of departure, the ideal solution would be to have access to the fastest hull in existence, Olin Stephens' *Constellation*. "You will have her for Christmas," Marcel Bich is supposed to have answered.

Negotiations were carried on by the same Pierre Goemans, who is still listed as the owner. In the spring of 1966 *Constellation* was sailing practice matches against *Sovereign*. To assure adequate manpower, Bich made an arrangement with the army to borrow conscripts. In peacetime, promising athletes are sent to the Bataillon de Joinville, a training center near Paris, where they can contribute to French achievement in world arenas rather than peel potatoes in some remote post. Not many of those assigned to Bich had had much boating experience, but practice was rigorous.

When Bob Bavier was flown to Marseilles at the end of summer in the baron's private jet for a replay of his role as helmsman of *Constellation* against *Sovereign*, he found "a good crew—dedicated and very enthusiastic." Asking for beer to take along in the best American tradition, he detected shocked expressions, but only gradually did he realize anyone else would have been thrown off for such a breach of training. Bich ran a tight ship. "You sure as hell knew who was boss," Bob reminisced recently, "but at the same time he was a very charming guy with a good sense of humor. He told some funny stories on himself about his early experiences with *Sovereign*, like carrying a spinnaker down a narrow channel ending in a mud flat, without knowing quite what to do, while his mother-in-law chatted about what a lovely day it was. Incidentally, Bich was good on the helm of a Twelve, yet he never fooled himself into thinking that with more practice he could do the job himself. A less realistic man might have gotten delusions of grandeur. Bich is not only self-deprecating but never kids himself. Maybe that is his strength."

continued

On boarding *Constellation* in '66, Bob Bavier was surprised to find her rigging festooned by electric wires, planted by Sud Aviation—builder of such jet transports as the Caravelle and the supersonic Concorde—to measure stresses and strains in the hope of designing a better mast. Concurrently, Andre Mauric was beginning to test 12-meter models in the French navy's tank, when miniatures of the atomic submarine *Le Redoutable* were not being towed. At Lyons, center of the textile industry, the firm of Ferrari, specialists in production of material for parachutes of all weights, was busily experimenting with synthetic sailcloths. Afloat, the quest for the best helmsman and crew continued.

That winter Bob McCullough offered to charter *Constellation* for the American trials preceding the Australian challenge with *Dame Pattie*, and she became paired with Olin Stephens' newest, *Intrepid*, although raced independently. It was a perfect ploy for Bich and Goemans, to say nothing of Mauric: *Constellation* would be campaigned all summer against the best America had to offer, giving the French a yardstick to measure improvements in the class.



CREWS SHARPEN UP IN DUELS BETWEEN "CHANCEGGER" AND "CONSTELLATION"

Meanwhile, however, practice off the port of Hyères on the Mediterranean would be hampered through lack of a second boat. So Marcel Bich's brother-in-law, Roger LaForest, a tycoon in his own right as manufacturer of Silver Match cigarette lighters, bought the other British hopeful from the '64 season, *Kurrewa*, virtually a sister ship of *Sovereign*. Her name was changed to *Lévrier des Mers*, "Greyhound of the Seas." Crew training went on under a former crewman, Britain's Robin Fuger, and Yves Pinaud, an Olympic yachtsman who had later become coach of France's national yachting team.

Bich, with son Bruno, hied himself to Newport to watch the '67 proceedings, and before the final trials were over it was apparent that Olin Stephens had achieved a great leap forward in 12-meter design with *Intrepid*. So Bich approached the syndicate managed by Bill Strawbridge with an offer to buy *Intrepid* if she won the cup in four straight races. Terms were discussed, but after *Intrepid* had overwhelmed the Aussies, the syndicate declined to let her leave.

Thus the French did not have the fastest yacht afloat as a basis for a challege in 1970, but then Bich made a brilliant gamble. Two months after the cup matches, he approached Britton Chance Jr. of Oyster Bay to discuss a design. Young Brit Chance had never tackled a Twelve, but he reigned supreme in the world of 5.5s, another class requiring a delicate juggling of factors within the framework of a rigid measurement rule. For the Olympic Games in Acapulco, 17 5.5s were building to the design of Chance & Co. in various countries, and they were to finish 1-2-4-5.

At the end of January, Chance received a firm order "for a design at least as fast as existing 12-meters or, if possible, faster." It was made clear that the boat was to be used for comparative model studies in tank testing and as a trial horse for a Mauric-designed challenger yet to be built. "Chance & Co. was given a free hand in all details," Brit Chance has written. "Economic limitations were imposed only by the cost-effectiveness studies that we made."

Plans were delivered in June 1968 to Hermann Egger in Neuchâtel, Switzerland, a renowned builder of 5.5s and other racing craft. "He is like a man who makes a watch," I was told by an Italian client. "No one else combines

continued



Photographed at The Christian Brothers Champagne Aging Cellars, Napa Valley, California

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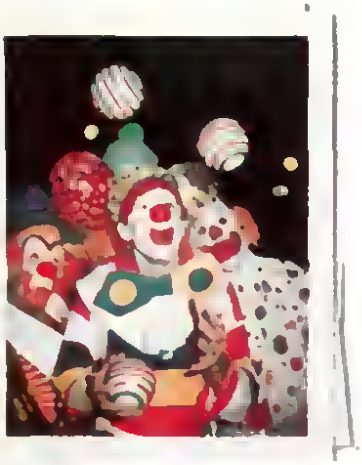
As you focus, louvers adjust automatically to insure correct light intensity.

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Best of all, The 360 gives you the freedom to shoot when the moment is right.

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One fascinating feature will give you an inkling of the ingenuity that went into this camera. In the timer, the shutter and the flash unit are circuits containing transistors, resistors, and other electronic components. Each would normally fill a space as large as a deck of cards. In The 360, they have been reduced to tiny chips of plastic-covered silicon less than 1/32 of an inch square, about the width of a pencil point.

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such workmanship and accuracy." While the hull took form in the shadow of the Alps, most of the gear was being manufactured in the United States. The mast was fabricated by Bob Derecktor in Mamaroneck, N.Y. Special winches were ordered from Barient of California. Sophisticated metals and advanced engineering of these and lesser items like blocks resulted in efficiency comparable to similar equipment on *Intrepid* but with a considerable saving of weight. Sails were by Ted Hood and Lowell North.

When christened in mid-August of this year by Mrs. Sargent Shriver, wife of the U.S. Ambassador to France, Bich assigned his million-franc-plus baby a no-nonsense name, *Chancegger*, simply combining the names of designer and builder. In her, Brit Chance indeed achieved *The New Look in Twelves*, as he entitled an article in *Yachting*. Sectional shapes, combined with a small keel area, reduce wetted surface by about 30 square feet below any existing vessel in the class, while the sum of weight-saving details increases the ballast displacement ratio by 3%, improving both stability and efficiency. The sail plan shows a longer fore-triangle and a short, low main boom, increasing the aspect ratio, which should result in better performance to windward.

"*Chancegger* is fast—very fast—and very sensitive on the helm," I was told by the dean of European racing skippers, Louis Noverraz, one of the first to sail the new creation. With a lifetime score of 1,500 firsts, former champion of Europe in both six and 5.5 meters and this year's winner of the Championnat International de Suisse with a score of six firsts in six starts, the 67-year-old Swiss master can be considered a reliable judge of boat speed. "In every match to date," he said, "*Chancegger* simply walked away from *Constellation* on every point of sailing."

This had been foretold by model tests, but the more important question of how she might compare with *Intrepid*, the superboat of the previous defense, was answered in an odd way. As Olin Stephens was committed to design a new yacht for the Bob McCullough-George Hinman syndicate, Bill Strawbridge's group, owners of *Intrepid*, commissioned Brit Chance to study the possibility of making her even faster before the next campaign. Chance thus came into possession of the lines. As a preliminary to modifications, he engaged in extensive tank tests and, according to informed sources, *Chancegger* is faster than *Intrepid*.

So Marcel Bich apparently won his gamble. With the latest brainchild of Olin Stephens barely past the blueprint stage, the design of Charley Morgan not finalized in the towing tank, Brit Chance pondering the modifications to be made in *Intrepid* and the Australian hopeful still on the builder's ways, *Chancegger* is undoubtedly at this moment the fastest yacht of the 12-meter class in the world. Thus, instead of trying to catch up from behind, as have the English and Australians in past challenges, the French possess a boat so advanced it will tax the ingenuity of rival designers to come up with a faster, more efficient racing machine.

There is one great catch, of course. The new boat is useless as a challenger. In the deed of gift of the America's Cup, a clause stipulates that the competing yacht and its components must originate in the country making the challenge. Some latitude is allowed by the New York Yacht Club in its interpretation of the rule, but *Chancegger* could never qualify. Bich did not expect it to. He was willing to go to the trouble of building a fabulously expensive vessel simply to provide a springboard for the next move, the construction of the challenger, which will bear a simple, majestic, sentiment-evoking name: *France*.

Unfortunately, for reasons beyond the control of Marcel Bich, *Chancegger* did not begin sailing until after André Mauric had to deliver his plans for the new boat to Hermann Egger at the end of July, in order to meet the rest of the schedule. Brit Chance is not one of those cynics who believe Mauric's design will be only a carbon of his own. "He had the lines of *Constellation* for four years and of *Chancegger* for 13 months. I don't think his boat will be a direct copy. With all that time he should come up with something better," Brit told me. Many rumors surround the testing program, but Bruno Bich confirms that Mauric towed "more than 12 models."

One of the major difficulties confronting Bich is that nothing even remotely resembling a modern racing yacht of this size has ever been produced in the country whose name will appear on the transom. Space age metals like titanium, exotic alloys of aluminum and high-strength types of stainless steel, together with the capability of welding, extruding, cold-rolling and precisely machining them, must be available. It may come as a surprise to nonsailors, but refinement of the slowest form of locomotion man ever devised has reached the point where the technology of a nation largely governs its chances of winning.

This is where the particular genius of Marcel Bich will come in. "If there is any Frenchman who can beat you Americans at your own game, he is the man," remarked a French acquaintance of Bich during my stop in Paris. "After all, he has already done so in business, when he bought out the Waterman Pen Company, which was failing, and rebuilt it to dominate the ballpoint market." In one of his rare statements, Bich revealed that during the six years it took to show a profit on Waterman-Bic, he pumped $10 million into the United States. "Everyone was telling me it was sheer madness," he admitted, "and one more year of losses would have left me bankrupt in France as well."

Bich is a self-made man. He received his start at the end of World War II by investing $1,000—his total capital—in a small factory making traditional fountain pens. Soon he switched to ballpoints encased in plastic, and advertised heavily when other French businessmen felt it was a waste of money. His organizational ability and vision took him into one country after another, until now he sells his product in 65. "Surfing is my method," he once explained, "and success requires full control of the surfboard. No stockholders, no bankers should step on the surfboard."

As a loner and rugged individualist, Bich has his detractors. An intimate calls him "an unbending character with gruff manners." Members of the Yacht Club de France are bitter because the challenge came through the tiny Yacht Club d'Hyères in the Midi, but reportedly Bich felt that his early efforts were snubbed and belittled by the august gentlemen of Paris. At first his quest for the cup was looked upon as a publicity stunt by many on both sides of the Atlantic. After all, a subsidized *équipe* of cyclists competes yearly in the Tour de France, wearing BIC on their jerseys as TV cameras grind, and BIC also appears, with other decals, on GT racing cars. But Bich has always shunned personal publicity to the extent of being a mystery man even to French journalists, and

continued



LOUIS NOVERRAZ RATES THE HELMSMEN

wastes no time on anyone he does not wish to see. He seems about as far from being a latter-day "Sir Tom" Lipton as can be imagined.

Numerous are the rumors surrounding the baron — some Frenchmen even question the authenticity of his title, although other sources trace it to 15th century nobility created by the Vatican in the Aosta Valley, north of Turin, whence came the Italian branch of the family. It was also said at one time that for advertising purposes he would call the challenger *Pen Bic*, to trade on the name of the famous *Pen Duick* of Eric Tabarly, overlooking the fact the play on words makes no sense in French, where a pen is a *plume* and a ballpoint a *stylo à bille*. As far back as three years ago at a party in Paris, I was treated to an elaborate account of an interview between Bich and President Charles de Gaulle, in which Bich asked for 10 million francs ($2 million) in tax relief to launch a *défi*. The general caught the phrase "challenge the Americans," came to attention and saluted, and Bich was given everything but the key to the Bank of France. This, too, seems extremely dubious.

For me, Marcel Bich and his quest for the cup are best explained by quotes from two vastly different sources. Roger Priouret, a friend of Bich, wrote in the economic magazine *Expansion*: "He is an ambitious man who had one passion in life: to make money." The second quote is a remark made by Bich to Bob Bavier three years ago. "Now I can't think of anything else but 12-meter racing. I go to a directors' meeting, someone talks about a competitor bringing out a new pen and I say, 'That's O.K. — we tack for the mark — they've overstood,' and everyone looks baffled."

Thus in 1964, at age 50, Marcel Bich apparently changed goals in life. Yet as president of L'Association Française pour "La Coupe de l'America," the official title of the organization behind the challenge, he will employ the same skills. France is a highly developed industrial nation, producing aircraft second to none, so the technical problems can be solved, given enough planning and drive. Bich has long been applying both. Son Claude, 29, trained in the production division of Bic, is now working with a company called Acma, which specializes in delicate machine work and fabrication of parts to extreme tolerances and frequently acts as a subcontractor to Sud Aviation and Matra, a builder of racing cars. Claude has the responsibility of producing winches, blocks and other fittings on deck and aloft. These, no doubt, will be patterned on gear aboard *Charlie Egger*.

There was no local builder comparable to Hermann Egger, so Bich persuaded him to establish a yard at Pontarlier, just across the Swiss border in France, to comply with the country-of-origin requirements. The New York Yacht Club granted permission for the lead keel to be cast in Switzerland, before being brought across the frontier for finishing, and is allowing the aluminum mast to be extruded by Nirvana Spars, a Swiss company at Yverdon headed by Albert Coeudevaux, a noted helmsman.

The biggest remaining technical hurdle is the one which has caused every recent challenge to fall flat — sails. Early efforts by La Société Ferrari de Rochetaillee sur Saône reminded a French observer of "*des sacs de pommes de terre*," despite the firm's impressive title. In Geneva, Louis Noverraz related a step in Bich's education in the importance of aerodynamic perfection aloft. "One day I was at the helm of *Constellation* trying Ferrari sails against *Sovereign*, which had up her best English suit. We won by a small margin, under four minutes, but the baron was delighted. I shook my head and said, 'With American sails we would have won by 20 minutes.' So the next day, in similar conditions, *Constellation* switched to sails by Hood — and our margin was 21 minutes."

Ferrari for some time has been on a crash program of developing fabric in various weights, running from mainsail to spinnaker cloth, and insiders hint that samples are rapidly improving. The firm has been joined by a sailmaker from Nantes, M. Burgaud, who has worked closely with Jean-Marie Le Guillou, winner of the world championship in 5.5s this year at Sandhamn, Sweden, and a leading candidate for helmsman of *France*. The New York Yacht Club has given permission to use sailcloth made anywhere in Europe, and a German firm is furnishing promising fabric. Finally, Ted Hood has set up a sail loft in Nice. There is nothing in the rules that would prevent his organization from cutting sails from local cloth — or doing the whole job if it manufactured the fabric in France.

Crew work does not seem to be a problem. "My guess is they will have a first-rate organization," says Bob Bavier. "So many were tried that even if they found only one good man out of any 11, and they brought him back, they would have more than enough candidates." Brit Chance, after sailing on the Mediterranean last year, found the competing crews "mechanically almost perfect, almost overtrained from going round the buoys so often." Louis Noverraz tells of spinnakers up and drawing within a boatlength of a mark, and slow-motion movies showing flawless techniques.

The process of elimination to find the best has applied even more rigorously to potential helmsmen than winch pumpers. The roster of those who have been invited to try out reads like a *Who's Who* of French yachtsmen, right down to winners of minor regattas, with outside experts like Bavier and Louis Noverraz providing bench marks.

Now it looks as though selection has narrowed down to Jean-Marie Le Guillou and Poppie Delfour, both young and

aggressive. Le Guillou is only 25, but he teethed on a tiller. He is a volatile Breton whose arguments with two brothers crewing aboard his 5.5 can sometimes be heard many kilometers inland. But he proved to have cold competitive courage by coming back to win the world championship a year after failing to be selected for the 1968 Olympic team. Nevertheless, according to reports, Poppie Delfour at one point had the better record in match competition, defeating Jean-Marie three out of four in one series. A former 5-0-5 helmsman, he was an early member of the Bich team and has been sailing Twelves for three years. A final choice probably will not be made until the last minute.

The future timetable seems fairly certain. At the end of August practice ended on the Mediterranean, and the four-boat fleet was transported in pairs by motor convoy to Trinite-sur-Mer on the Atlantic coast—no mean logistical feat in itself. Practice will continue through the winter. Construction of *France* began Sept. 1, and it is hoped she will be launched in March for intensive trials before being shipped to the United States. July 1 is the target date for *France* and *Chancegger* to resume practice off Newport. The huge mansion called Miramar, sleeping 60 (in the winter a girls' school), has been rented by AFCA as a shore base.

During the period preceding the elimination races, there not only will be time for familiarization with conditions off Newport but intense competition between helmsmen and crews for selection. Then, on Aug. 18, begins a series of best four out of seven races against the Australians, to be sailed under America's Cup conditions on America's Cup courses, presided over by a neutral committee headed by Beppe Croce, past chairman of Olympic juries and vice-president of the International Yacht Racing Union. The winner of this series will meet the winner of the American final trials, which will be sailed concurrently in adjoining waters.

So far reports from Down Under indicate that the next Australian challenge is east in the pattern of '62 and '67, with an emphasis on the former, when Sir Frank Packer masterminded the campaign of *Gretel*. Only a single new boat is being built, but the former challengers do exist as trial horses. Rumors displace two-time Helmsman Jock Sturrock but

continued

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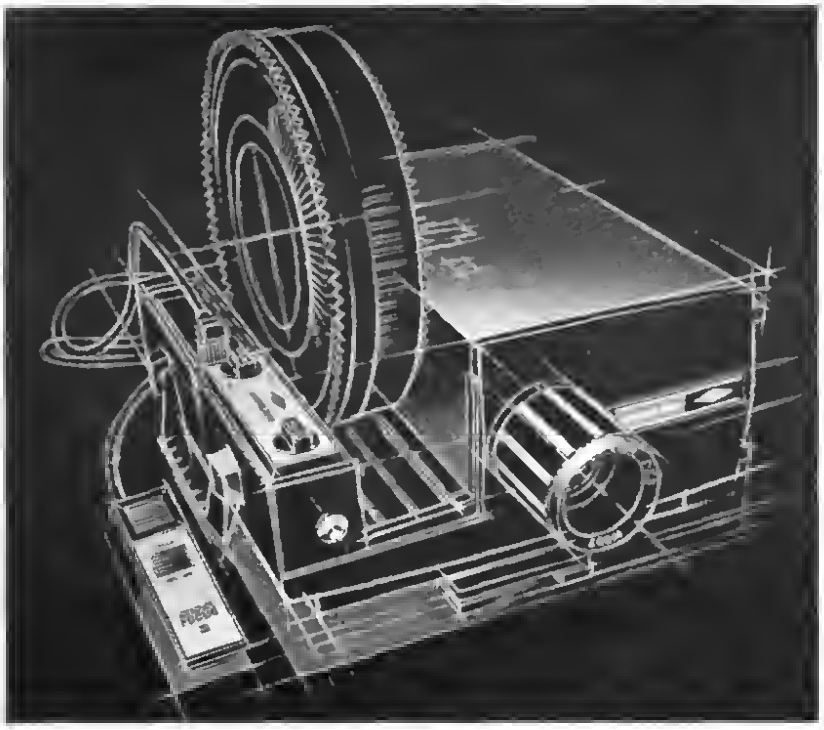


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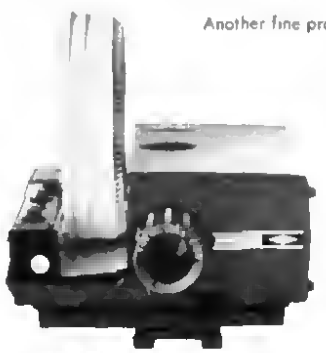
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do not name a successor. After putting on such a good show with *Gretel*, winning one race and coming close in another, the summary four straight defeats of *Dame Pattie* by *Intrepid* were bitter for the Aussies. Much effort has gone into producing better fabric and sails, and manufacturers of other gear now have a considerable background. Crew work has always been good and can reasonably be expected to be even better.

The American defender will be formidable, whether the word is pronounced in French or English. Olin Stephens, to date without peer in the world, has designed a successor to *Intrepid* for a syndicate headed by Bob McCullough and George Hinman. The first is owner and skipper of the successful ocean racer *Inverness*, and as helmsman of the chartered *Constellation* during the '67 campaign proved himself a fine organizer as well as extremely skillful around the buoys. George Hinman is also not only an experienced ocean racer but has had a long background in class racing. As skipper of *American Eagle* during the same '67 campaign he was a master of match-racing tactics, being especially impressive on the starting line. Combined with the know-how of Olin and Rod Stephens, it will be a difficult combination to beat.

Intrepid is still owned by the syndicate formed by Bill Strawbridge and Burr Bartram, and will be given everything necessary to make her even faster than last time, when she seemed as close to being a breakthrough design as is possible to achieve under the restrictions of the rule. Britt Chance, who formally terminated his connection with the French effort after he undertook to modify *Intrepid*, can be counted on to add — or subtract, as he is a specialist in reduction of wetted surface—an extra something. An important change will be the hand on the helm. Bus Mosbacher has bowed out for reasons of family, business and his job as the State Department's chief of protocol. His replacement is Bill Ficker, world Star class champion in 1958 and co-helmsman of *Columbia* during the last trials.

Down in St. Petersburg, Designer-Builder-Sailmaker-Helmsman Charley Morgan is employing an unorthodox yet logical method in the construction of *Heritage*, the first candidate for defense to come out of Dixie. By beginning with the deck and working down, he is buy-

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ing time for additional tank tests. "We can go ahead with what we're sure of," he explains, "while awaiting a decision on such items as the ultimate keel form." Charley Morgan was associated with *Columbia* in '62 and since has kept in close contact with developments in the class, meanwhile practicing with great success four of the arts of the sailor. Thus when he declares that he is encouraged with model tests to date and believes "we will be very competitive," there can be no doubt he will come up with a fast boat, well campaigned, having the additional advantage of shakedown trials during the Florida winter.

So there appears to be a possibility that the proceedings off Newport next summer might provide some of the drama of the historic trials between *Columbia* and *Sun* in '58, which have made events since—except for the brief surge of *Gretel* past *Weatherly* in the next matches—seem anticlimactic by comparison. At least something new will be added: Gallic flair spiced with determination and efficiency.

To gain the right to challenge, the French must defeat the Australians in their full-dress rehearsal. Perhaps they will not, as this will be the third time the Aussies have played on the center court of yachting with all the world watching. But so astute an observer as Bob Bavier picks *France*. "If the Australians had two boats sailing in two different camps, I might think differently," he reasons, "but the French will have competition all the way. I'm counting on Bich to get the best possible of everything together, then keeping hands off despite being a forceful guy."

Regardless of which nation comes to the line for the start of the actual cup races on Sept. 15, boat and crew should be honed to a finer edge than any challenger in history. For the first time it will be necessary to battle for selection right down to the wire, an advantage hitherto enjoyed solely by the defenders. It will probably take more than this to tip the scales, but Marcel Bich is realistic, and he does not think of this as a one-shot do-or-die attempt.

"In 1970 we have perhaps a 25% chance," he has declared to many people since the beginning of his quest. "We lose. We come back three years later with a 50-50 chance. We lose again. But we come back in 1976 and win the cup." *Voilà!*

END



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SWEETY CAKES RUNS THE SONICS

He is small by the standards of his peers and in their company appears frail as well. There is an air of the delicate about him—never in the vulgar sense of dainty, but of fineness and precision. He is shy, with mournful brown eyes, and is often by himself. Normally he does not raise his voice, being the quietest man ever to come out of Brooklyn, and though Lenny Wilkens is tall in the general population, at 6' 1", he leaves no impression on the casual observer. "He is never recognized in a crowd," his wife Marilyn says. "Lenny doesn't like for me to say this, but he just melts in."

Wilkens often is lost in that sense, too, on the court—somehow unobtrusive even though he is running the show from backcourt, handling the ball more than anyone else. He is pale-skinned and he perspires hardly at all, so that, as a game progresses and the bodies about him begin to glow pink or glisten sable under the lights, it becomes even more difficult to appreciate that the expressionless little dry beige guy whom Elgin Baylor nicknamed "Sweety Cakes" is the one in absolute command.

This year Wilkens comes on the court for the first time with more than just his usual *de facto* authority. There is the badge of authentic leadership, a whistle about his neck. As the new coach of the Seattle SuperSonics, Wilkens is—in no particular order, for all are absolute qualifiers—the quietest man among major league coaches, the only black one and the only playing coach. Certainly, all three factors could add to the task before him, and he recognizes that. (Indeed, the assignment has been made even more difficult because the Sonics, with no general manager and player-contract problems, are off to a poor start.) "I had to convince myself that I would be doing the right thing to accept the job," he says. "What happens if I don't win? There are a lot of people—not all malicious, but a lot of people—waiting for me to fall on my face. Do I need that?"

Of course, he took the job, for if Lenny Wilkens is a cautious man he is also analytical. It was not unlike 1960 when he was deciding whether or not to play for the St. Louis Hawks, who had drafted him. Wilkens did not feel that he was good enough for the NBA, but someone took him to see the Celtics play,



The nickname is a bit misleading and so is his mild personality, because quiet Lenny Wilkens is very much in command in Seattle

by ***FRANK DEFORD***



and the Hawks happened to be the opponents. By the time the game was half over he had decided to sign, because he had seen the Hawk guards and he realized he could beat them. When Al Bianchi quit and Wilkens was offered the Sonics job last summer, he remembers thinking: "Let's face it, who else better is available? I know the players. One advantage. I've played the pros nine years and I've learned it as well as anybody else. After all, I went to a predominantly white college and I got good grades, so presumably I was as smart to start with as the next guy in the league nine years ago, and I've been running things from the backcourt all along. My biggest advantage, though, is the way I have played. It's been part of my life to look for the best man, to find the best situation and react. And that's coaching."

He blows the whistle at the first Seattle practice. "All right, let's spread out," he says. He selects his top rookie, Lucius Allen, a young man not especially noted for any predilection for physical culture, to lead the team in calisthenics. Then Wilkens runs the Sonics—and runs with them—in long, arduous layup drills, in fast-break exercises, in an extended scrimmage. He blows the whistle and assembles all his men in a corner of the gym. It is a very brief appraisal the Sonics hear. "I never saw so many forced shots," their coach says evenly. "Just because it is the first practice of the season is no excuse for that. Now the next time force a shot and you're coming out. I mean it." Coach Wilkens adds, still softly, with no more inflection, "I'm not going to have this raggedy kind of basketball again."

"I love Lenny," says Tommy Davis, the baseball player who grew up with Wilkens in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant area. "He is a man and a true friend who can be depended upon, but it is not only that he is steadfast and honorable. I love Lenny for what he has achieved. He went in there with all those big guys and proved to them that he could do it—for nine years—on quickness and guts and dedication.

"We used to say of him that he was like the man who wasn't there—he wasn't there till you read the box score. He has improved since his silent days in high school. Oh, he's still not going to win any filibuster, but he will say the right things at the right time and he will gain the respect of every player on the squad because he's a good man."

DIRECTING PRACTICE comes naturally to Wilkens. Before he became a coach he was the man in charge, from backcourt, of his teams.

Wilkens has always had to turn primarily to his colleagues for respect and even for recognition, since circumstance and his own demeanor have conspired to rob him of the celebrity that athletes of much less talent have enjoyed. Two years ago, for example, the NBA players voted him second only to Wilt Chamberlain for Most Valuable Player, nearly one-fifth of all the ballots had Wilkens ranked as the first choice. However, when the official all-league team was selected—by the press—Wilkens failed to win a place on either the first or second squad.

Constructing the paradigm of athletic reputations begins early, and Wilkens is still suffering from his original sin that he had no high school publicity on which to build. He had made the Boys High team—last man on a 15-man squad—as a freshman but did not go out for the team the next couple of years and, in fact, started cutting classes and generally drifting until his widowed mother put her foot down and refused him permission to quit school and join the Marines. Wilkens took a certain renewed interest in academics at this point and set his sights on going to the City College of New York. Tommy Davis was the all-city star at Boys High and he knew Lenny from way back, in stickball mostly, when Davis and the Decatur Street Boys used to come up against Wilkens and the Bainbridge Street Boys. Davis prevailed upon Lenny to come out for the Boys High team again. Still, Wilkens was a midyear graduate and played only half the schedule, missing out on all the city tournaments and publicity. But a few people had seen just enough to tell Joe Mullaney, then the coach of Providence College, and Lenny accepted a Providence scholarship in the fall of '56.

Unheralded, just reaching 6 feet then, he established himself as a good college player in his sophomore year. But the next year Johnny Egan, now with the Lakers, moved up to the varsity, and everybody in New England had known for years that Egan was "the next Bob

continued

Cousy." Providence had a good team and went to the finals of the NIT. Wilkens winning the MVP as a senior, but mostly he played second banana. No matter what he did, he remembers, one Providence paper always wrote: "Wilkens played his usual standout game."

Egan now says: "I think it was enough for Lenny that the guys on the team appreciated him." Another teammate, Tom Folliard, recalls: "I used to play opposite Lenny in scrimmages. It was really embarrassing. I mean, I was just a dummy for him. If he wanted to steal the ball, he did. If he wanted to block my shot, he did. It got so bad that after a while I'd begin wondering about my own ability, but every time I'd reach that point Lenny would let me beat him, and my confidence would rise again. He seemed to know exactly how far he could push me. He'd never say anything, he'd just lead by example."

At his best Wilkens averaged only 15 points per game for the Friars, but his defense—skills he had acquired in New York at Madison Park and Riis Park, playing against older, bigger boys who wanted only to shoot—began to attract attention. He was the Hawks' first pick in 1960 and was invited to play in the college East-West game, a special honor that year because it was announced the game would be used as a prime test for choosing the players who would compete for Olympic berths. Wilkens arrived at Madison Square Garden for practice the day before the game to find photographers already shooting pictures of the players who had been selected. He shared the game's MVP award with Jerry West, but there was no reprieve. He was shut out of the Olympic Trials.

The '60 U.S. team went on to Rome—West, Robertson, Lucas—the most famous amateur unit in history. Wilkens went to a Hawk rookie camp and, favoring a bad ankle, probably would have been cut but for the fact that he had a no-cut clause in his $8,000 contract. He did not make the starting team till midseason and came back in '62, after spending much of his second season in the Army, to find that he had made such an impression on the Hawks that they had eight other guards in camp. The Hawks did not offer him a contract, just paid him the same salary as before, even after he made the All-Star Game in midseason. At the end of the year he was, technically, a free agent, but he was too naive to realize the situation and take advantage of it. And, although he was an All-Star, Wilkens generally went unnoticed, for his job was to set up for the Hawks' bulky, sluggish front line of Bob Pettit, Cliff Hagan and Clyde Lovellette. "It was pattern ball, not really my game, but you had to adjust to it," Wilkens says. The pattern was not for the guards to shoot, which makes it all the more impressive that Wilkens is now the 30th leading scorer of all time. (He averaged 22.4 last year—his best—and undoubtedly will pass Lovellette and Hagan on his move up the ladder in the next couple of years.) He is seventh on the alltime assist list. All of his achievements with the Hawks were recorded with a singular absence of fanfare. Indeed, it is ironic that the only time Lenny Wilkens ever stayed in the public eye for longer than an absentminded blink was last fall, when he went through the only controversy of his life.

Richie Guerin came to the Hawks in 1963. A year later Owner Ben Kerner decided Guerin should be his new coach. He asked Wilkens what he thought of the idea. Wilkens enthusiastically approved the promotion of his backcourt partner. Later Guerin made Wilkens team captain. When he first joined the Hawks, Wilkens had been closest to Hagan, for they possessed similar tranquil temperaments. Now he began to spend time with the extroverted Guerin, talking shop. It was Guerin who first suggested that Wilkens might himself become a coach—long before any team had crossed the coaching color line. And Wilkens began trying to prepare himself for that eventuality.

In 1967 Guerin was selected to lead an NBA summer tour of South America for the State Department. He could choose two Hawks to accompany him. Wives were also invited; it made a nice vacation. Guerin says the first Hawk he approached with an invitation was his captain, Wilkens. He says Lenny replied that he had a job arranged with Monsanto that summer and was not interested in the tour. Wilkens maintains such a conversation never took place, that not only did Guerin never approach him with an invitation but that, moreover, a conspiracy of silence was established by those in the know to keep word of the trip away from those who were not going. The first he ever heard of the tour, Wilkens says, was after a game at Memphis late in the season when Bill Bridges came up to him in the airport and told him that he and Gene Tormohlen—now Guerin's assistant—would be going with the coach. Then, Wilkens says, the curtain of silence was drawn again.

Only after he got back from South America did Guerin find out that Wilkens was upset. Immediately, Guerin says, he offered his apologies. Even now, Guerin insists, "I did tell Lenny about the trip, but I believe it is quite possible that the talk we had could have slipped his mind in the heat of the season." Wilkens says he was never mad that he and Mrs. Wilkens were not invited, he remains annoyed only at what he feels was the hush-hush manner in which the affair was handled.

In training camp that fall, 1967, the Hawks were simmering. Wilkens muttered something about Bridges after he made an error in practice one day, and the comment was passed on to Bridges. The word was spread that Wilkens had declared he did not want Joe Caldwell moved into the backcourt because he might draw attention away from Lenny and rob him of his All-Star status. The team was floundering in exhibitions, split with resentment.

Before a game in San Francisco, Guerin summoned Wilkens to his hotel room, chewed him out and took away his team captaincy. About the same time Wilkens called a player meeting and tried to clear the air. He apologized to Bridges and he denied ever making the remark about Caldwell, demanding—without success—that whoever had started the story stand up and repeat the statement to his face. The Hawks went out and swept their final exhibitions. Guerin gave Wilkens his captaincy back; the team won its first seven games, 16 of the first 17 and captured the Western Division title for the first time in seven years.

No team, however, was so successful on court and such a spectacular disaster in other areas. On the night the season opened in San Diego, Mrs. Guerin invited all the players' wives over for dinner and the radio broadcast of the game. Somehow, the subject of the South American trip got on the agenda, and before long Marilyn Wilkens, a beautiful and strong-willed woman, walked out. Mrs. Paul Silas and Mrs. Zelmo Beaty left with her. Offcourt relationships were

continued

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uneasy all year. The season ended with a Lenny Wilkens Night—he got a green Cadillac—and Kerner later sold the team to Atlanta. Wilkens was never to sign to play there.

He was insulted right off the hat, Wilkens says, when the new Hawk management chose a lunch counter in a meat market as the place to open negotiations with the NBA's runner-up for MVP honors. Things went downhill from there, and even some word of the South American dispute leaked out. Bridges, who first said that Wilkens should have gone on the trip, that it was all a "great misunderstanding, and . . . I personally feel it has affected me tremendously on the court," soon was declaring that Wilkens "was a fellow who has to have everything." Kerner inserted himself into the melee at about this point and announced that Wilkens had always been insanely jealous of Guerin. Kerner also got in his licks with Red Auerbach, who was hanging around like a bounty hunter, hoping to pick off Wilkens straight up in a deal for Larry Siegfried. Kerner said Auerbach should be fined $5,000 for "tampering," since he had declared earlier that Wilkens was a "superstar" and this had gone to Lenny's head, hence he wanted all this money and therefore all this trouble, etc. The Hawk management offered a bizarre solution to the problem. It suggested giving Wilkens two-thirds of his base pay, the final third to be sent him after the season if his "attitude" was deemed to have been satisfactory.

Fortunately, everything was resolved on the eve of the season when Dick Vertlieb, then Seattle's general manager, stepped in and traded Walt Hazzard for Wilkens. There was one last rub for Wilkens. Hazzard had been the best known and most popular sports figure in Seattle, and Lenny was greeted with resentment by fans and some coolness by a segment of his new team. It took several typical Wilkens performances—treading softly, moving the ball, making friends that way—before he was able to go home to his new house in Bellevue, in the suburbs, to Marilyn and their two young children, and assume again the position of the man who isn't there, except in the box scores.

Nine months later, when Wilkens agreed to step back into the spotlight as coach, very little speculation about the appointment was concerned with race. The chief question has been whether his quiet temperament and his unique status as star and coach will hamper him. That is as it should be, of course, because it just so happens that, far from being one of a kind, Wilkens perfectly fits the mold of NBA coach. Of today's 14 coaches, 11 are from the East Coast. Eight of that 11 learned the game at small Northeastern Roman Catholic colleges. Eight are still in their 30s and eight were guards. If Wilkens had not been on the scene, an IBM computer surely would have found him.

Aside from the predictable amount of hate mail that the Sonics received, Wilkens was accepted as coach without much fuss. At least in basketball—if not in baseball and football—the naming of a black coach is simply not startling anymore. The sport is dominated by black players, and on some teams—Seattle coincidentally included—almost all of the regulars are black. Basketball has traditionally promoted its new coaches straight out of the playing ranks, and the recent fad of hiring white college coaches, for whatever reason, will not end the tradition.

Interestingly enough, Bill Russell's experience in Boston buried the simplistic notion that a black coach would, *ipso facto*, get along better with black players than whites. If anything, Russell had more trials with a couple of his Celtic brothers. In a sense, too, Wilkens' hiring was more significant than Russell's was. Russell, after all, was an exceptional case; if, instead of wanting to be coach, he had expressed a desire to be Miss Massachusetts, the Celtics would no doubt have arranged for it. The Sonics had no pressure on them. They also had the perfect white candidate right at hand in Forward Tom Meschery, the mustachioed poet, who shaved off his beard so journalists would be spared the temptation of referring to him as "the bearded bard of the backboards." Now working on a book of reflections in prose, Meschery plans on spending some time in the Peace Corps following his retirement from the NBA. After that he hopes to pursue an academic career. More outgoing than Wilkens and better suited to handle the public-relations requirements of coaching, Meschery is also popular in Seattle and he does not have to play as much as Wilkens must. He gave the Sonics a very easy way out.

General Manager Vertlieb passed over Meschery for the top job on purely technical grounds, deciding that since Wilkens was already the floor leader at guard he was the logical man to guide the team if the Sonics wanted a player-coach. (Vertlieb appointed Meschery as Wilkens' assistant.) "The matter of race never entered my mind," says Vertlieb, the kind of man whose words can be taken at full face value. "I always felt Lenny would be a success in whatever he tried. I just never thought of him as a coach until I needed a coach. And then I chose him because he was the best man to coach the Seattle SuperSonics."

Wilkens and Meschery came into the Sonics' motel bar the night before the team opened practice. Earlier in the day, dragooned into another saloon where he had to address a group of sportswriters, Wilkens had sheepishly inquired of the waitress if he could have a root beer float. Now he settled for a Coke, but he did not finish it before he made his apologies and hurried off to bed. It must have been like the night before Christmas for him, but he left quietly, exhibiting no emotion.

"Oh, he doesn't show it and he won't," Meschery said, watching him go, "but he feels it inside. He feels the excitement. I sense it myself every year at this time—I'm a romantic when it comes to the game of basketball—and I'm sure he is, too. Neither of us needs the added involvement that we have this year.

"He knows what he's getting into, too, being a player-coach, but then he's too smart not to have learned the right things under Richie. He can make it known that he can be tough. That's no problem. He doesn't have to change. You can't change anyway, because you can't try to fool them. You can't con players. The important thing, the essence of coaching, is to be direct with the players and let them know where they stand, and Lenny can do that because Lenny is honest, and that is, above all, what you must be."

Meschery took another swallow of beer and brushed the foam off his mustache. "With Lenny," he said, "it's like sitting in the back row of an empty theater, straining to listen when the microphone isn't turned up loud enough. But then, you usually hear more when you have to try to listen." **END**

Answer to a foolish question

All week Tennessee fans taunted Ole Miss with cries of 'Who's Archie?' On Saturday Archie Manning showed them **by PAT PUTNAM**

You'd have thought those folks from Tennessee would have known better, being neighbors and all. Shoot, any 10-year-old kid who ever got his button nose past the cover of a history book can tell you it doesn't take all that much to rile Mississippians. Remember when old Abe got up and started off his inaugural speech by saying cotton underwear itched? Bam: a civil war. And you know how easily upset the traffic cops there get when they see a rich Yankee tourist driving 38 miles an hour in a 45-mile-an-hour speed zone.

So what does Steve Kiner do? Steve Kiner, he's one of Tennessee's All-America linebackers, and one day he's sitting around jawing with some of the boys about the horses they got playing football at Ole Miss. "Hee-haw," says Kiner, "them's not horses, them's mules." You can guess how gracefully that was received in Oxford and Biloxi and Vicksburg, where they hang pictures of Archie Manning, the Ole Miss junior quarterback, on the living room wall, right next to the ones of Robert E. Lee and, lately, of Spiro T. Agnew. "Mules, huh?" was the word. "Well, old Archie will show them who's mules." In Tennessee, where everybody was feeling good about being unbeaten in seven games and being ranked No. 3 in the nation, they laughed and started handing out ARCHIE WHO? buttons. And, baby, that really tore it.

All this, of course, was greeted with secret delight by Johnny Vaught, the Ole Miss coach and a man who would welcome a Greek bearing gifts, just as long as they could be used as psychological weapons. And should the gifts be less than needed, Vaught, it is suggested, is not opposed to fattening them a bit. Last Wednesday, three days before he would send his troops out to destroy Tennessee 38–0 at Jackson, Miss., the gnarly old oak of a coach never so much as glanced up as a small plane came roaring over his practice field spewing enemy leaflets. But the pilot turned out to be a strange breed of propagandist. On his third pass—after dropping such pleasantries as "Archie who? Archie Mud" and "Wreck the mules, the Vols are No. 1," and all supposedly signed either by Kiner or Doug Dickey's Vols—the pilot cut his motor and yelled, "Go get them, Rebels! To hell with Tennessee!"

While the fires were raging in Mississippi, Vaught was making certain that no fuel was getting back to Tennessee. He closed off all players, most especially Manning, from interviews. Practices are always closed. Vaught once ran the president of the alumni association off the practice field. Another time, when a small plane circled the field, Vaught suspended the drill, called the FAA and had the plane grounded. When it turned out to be a member of the faculty showing off the campus to friends, Vaught told him to go fly someplace else. He did. "Once, just as a joke, I asked him if I could watch one of his redshirts take a shower," said a veteran Mississippi reporter. "He figured I must be up to something, glared at me and said no I couldn't, that the shower room was off limits."

But then, Vaught has always been a suspicious man. When he arrived in 1947, his first move was to call in the state highway department and have them bulldoze a new practice field—eight feet deep. Deciding then that this wasn't secluded enough, he called the bulldozers back and had them dig a second field, this one even deeper, and he had it surrounded by thick bushes and burly campus cops armed with walkie-talkies. One player suggested that if Vaught thought God was looking down on a practice, he'd put a roof over the field.



THIS ROLL-OUT DEMONSTRATES HOW MANNING AND HIS MATES RAN UP 38 POINTS AGAINST TENNESSEE'S VAUNTED DEFENSE

In the midst of all this tight seclusion was Archie Manning, big (6′ 3″ and 205 pounds) and redheaded and wondering why in hell he isn't able to grow sideburns like everybody else. "But then," he says, "I guess it's because I only shave twice a week, sometimes." He makes up for his lack of sideburns in other ways. Like throwing passes. In Ole Miss' first eight games—before walloping Tennessee—he completed 128 of 222 for 1,394 yards and six touchdowns. And like running: 100 carries for 363 yards and 11 touchdowns. Which makes it hard to understand how Mississippi managed to lose to Kentucky, Alabama and Houston, the first two by one point each. And after that they beat Georgia when the Bulldogs were 3-0 and ranked sixth, and after that they beat LSU when the Tigers were 6-0 and also ranked sixth.

"I guess it's because all the games we won, we played in Mississippi in the daytime," said Billy Gates, Ole Miss sports information director. "And the three games we lost were out of the state at night. Do you know of any bowls played in Mississippi in the daytime?" Against Kentucky, Ole Miss was looking to Alabama, which came the next week. Ole Miss' game plan was to run, mostly not to show off Manning's passes to 'Bama scouts. And so they ran, and Manning passed but 13 times for 84 yards and no touchdowns, and Kentucky won a shocker 10–9. And then against Alabama, Mississippi geared its defenses to stop a running attack—and Alabama came out throwing and won 33–32. "Those we should have won," admits Vaught, holding up one finger. "Just one point each. But the kids knew we should have won and they didn't get down. We have a thing here called matter-of-fact pride. We never lose it."

Whatever it is they have at Ole Miss, they had it all against Tennessee, which came in favored anywhere from 13 to 6½ points. Upstairs in the press box, Orange Bowl scouts were smiling and saying all they were afraid of was Tennessee losing in a rout—and you know that can't happen. And downstairs the Ole Miss players were thinking that if they won, Vaught had given them the night to stay in Jackson—something he had done only once before in his career—and didn't they already have the $5 traveling money to get back to Oxford the next day? Sure it could happen.

"Boys, what it's going to take out there today is a great team effort, so let's go," said Vaught, knowing the boys were so high he didn't have to say anything else.

And did it ever happen. After the opening kickoff, Manning took Ole Miss 82 yards in 11 plays, mostly on the running of Randy Reed and Bo Bowen, and then himself three times for the last three yards and the touchdown. Vaught had told him to open with a running game and then, when Tennessee stopped it, to go to the air. Tennessee never was to stop it.

On the second drive, after a short Tennessee punt, Ole Miss went 38 yards in eight plays, with Reed recovering Manning's fumble in the end zone for the score.

The third drive was 16 yards in five plays after a 49-yard return of a punt by Bob Knight. Manning passed five yards to Riley Myers for that one. It was 21–0, and they were just moving into the second quarter, and Ole Miss players were saying things like "Where's Kiner?" and "How do you like them mules?" and a few other things.

The rout was on. Upstairs one Orange Bowl scout said something about being sick and left. "They can't do anything wrong," another moaned. Just then, Ole Miss' Cloyce Hinton kicked a 42-yard field goal to make it 24–0. The kick sailed low, fluttering, swooping and, just as it was about to die, it struck the crossbar and bounced over. "Dang. I never saw such a gosh-awful lousy field goal in my life," said Heywood Harris, Tennessee sports information director, "but, dang, I guess it counts."

Early in the third quarter, all hope of a Tennessee recovery died when Reed went a yard for a touchdown, making it, after the kick, 31–0. That's the same score the Vols beat Ole Miss by last year. No longer was anyone in orange clothing yelling "Archie who?" The last score, a one-yard dive by Bowen in the fourth quarter, just rubbed it in a bit.

When it was over and they added it all up, Manning had completed nine of 18 passes for 159 yards and one touchdown, and had run for another score. He and the rest of the team had earned a night on the town. END

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by WILLIAM F. REED

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (8-0)
2. ARKANSAS (8-0)
3. HOUSTON (6-2)

TCU is the only team to play both Texas and Ohio State, but those poll watchers hoping to draw something conclusive by comparing scores were doomed to frustration. The Longhorns beat TCU 69–7, the identical margin by which Ohio State had beaten the Horned Frogs earlier in Columbus (62–0, remember?). Still, the Texas fans are stubborn animals, and they were quick to point out that 1) TCU's best runner, Norman Bulaich, had been injured on his first run against Ohio State and 2) that surely TCU's sophomore quarterback, Steve Judy, is much tougher now. So there, doesn't that show who's really No. 1? "You really don't want to beat anybody that bad," said Texas Coach Darrell Royal, neatly sidestepping the polls issue. "We substituted as fast as we thought it was completely safe."

The game was reasonably safe early, with Texas scoring the first four times it had the ball, but Royal couldn't be blamed if he felt a little cautious. He had sent an unbeaten, untied team against TCU four previous times in his 13 years at Texas, and on three of those occasions the Longhorns were upset. Even this victory was not completely painless for Texas. As TCU's Linzy Cole returned a punt 65 yards for his team's only TD, Texas Tight End Tommy Woodard suffered torn ligaments which will sideline him for the season.

Texas Quarterback James Street completed five of eight passes for 54 yards, including an 18-yarder to Cotton Speyrer for the Longhorns' fifth TD, and Halfback Jim Bertelsen rushed for 104 yards in 16 carries. Thanks to the Texas defense—which yielded only 17 yards on TCU's first four possessions—Judy had his worst day. Mercifully, he got knocked out early in the last quarter and couldn't remember much of anything.

Arkansas' Bill Montgomery was off target with many of his passes, but the Razorbacks still beat SMU 28–15. With only 4:33 left and Arkansas clinging to a 21–15 lead, the Porkers got a break when Cary Stockdell's punt went out of bounds at the SMU one. Two plays later Arkansas monster man

continued



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Bob Field intercepted a Chuck Hixson pass to set up Bill Burnett's game-breaking run, on which he dragged SMU Guard Joe White most of the way. "I could tell I had a little extra weight," said Burnett. "I could feel him back there and I could see the goal line, too." Burnett, the Southwest's leading rusher, also scored on a pass reception. "I like that," he said. "It is a lot easier to score than the way I usually make them." Hixson completed 26 of 39 passes but netted only 196 yards, his second lowest ever.

The near-freezing weather at Raleigh, N.C. didn't faze Houston, which jumped out to a 9–0 lead on the way to beating North Carolina State 34–13, the Cougars' sixth straight win.

WEST

1. UCLA (8-0-1)
2. USC (8-0-1)
3. STANFORD (6-2-1)

Both UCLA and USC were so ordinary in their final tune-ups for Saturday's game that maybe neither one should be allowed to play Ohio State's juiciest leftover in the Rose Bowl. Throw out the whole Pacific Eight, as a matter of fact, and let somebody exciting play in Pasadena, somebody like crazy ol' San Diego State. The Aztecs are 8-0, you know, and get a load of this: they beat New Mexico State 70–21 as their quarterback, a guy named Dennis Shaw, threw *nine* touchdown passes, breaking the NCAA record of seven, which he had tied a week earlier. Six of Shaw's TD passes went to Tight End Tim Delaney (another NCAA record), and the other three went to his favorite catcher, Split End Tom Reynolds, who now has 18 for the year (yep, another record). Altogether, Shaw has 34 TD passes for the year (you guessed it, a record) and his biggest night may be coming up, the Aztecs play North Texas State and their passing wizard, Steve Ramsey, Saturday.

Meanwhile, UCLA and USC were looking plenty smoggy. The Trojans beat winless Washington 16–7 at Seattle, and the Bruins had an even closer scrape in beating Oregon 13–10 in Eugene. With 3:24 left in the game, Oregon was on UCLA's 15-yard line with a first down, but UCLA Safety Ron Carver leaped high to intercept a John Harrington pass and preserve the Bruin victory. "Our players were not emotional for this game," said UCLA Athletic Director J. D. Morgan, while Coach Tommy Prothro said, "Maybe we can play better. I certainly hope so." UCLA's touchdowns came on Greg Jones' 10-yard run in the second quarter and Dennis Dummit's three-yard pass to Gwen Cooper early in the fourth. In the USC game, the nation's leading rusher, Clarence Davis, was held to 84 yards in 33 carries, and the score was tied 7–7 in the last period, but USC turned a fumble into a Ron Ayala field goal and then put it away when Davis scored from the three after a fourth-down gamble by Washington at its own 15 had failed. The action was a little heavier in the stands, where a couple of scuffles broke out between blacks and whites, apparently over the troubles between Washington Coach Jim Owens and some of his black players.

If there were a bowl game especially for the best teams in the country with two or more losses, the participants surely would be Ole Miss and Stanford. The ill-starred Indians, who tied UCLA and were beaten by USC on a last-second field goal, won their third straight, beating the Air Force 47–34 and possibly knocking the Falcons out of a bowl in the process. The Academy has received two bids, but Coach Ben Martin said he probably wouldn't accept either unless his team beat Stanford or Notre Dame this week at South Bend. The Stanford game was tied until early in the third quarter, but then two Jim Plunkett TD passes and Randy Vataha's 62-yard punt return broke it open. Plunkett set three Pacific Eight records: most TD passes (18), yards passing (2,292) and total offense (2,377).

Just when Utah was thinking it had the Western Athletic Conference title in the bag, the Redskins ran into a big snowstorm in Tucson and wound up being upset by Arizona 17–16. The winning points came on Steve Hurley's 21-yard field goal with 11:28 left, but the real hero was Arizona's defense, which got two interceptions and two fumbles to keep Utah in check. Now Utah and Arizona State (which beat UTEP 42–19) are tied for the WAC lead, each with a 4–1 record, but the edge belongs to State, which plays one more league game than Utah. The early leader, Wyoming, lost to New Mexico 24–12 in Albuquerque, ending the Lobos' WAC losing streak at 25 and giving Wyoming a 1-3 record since Coach Lloyd Eaton dismissed 14 black players.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (8-0)
2. MISSOURI (8-1)
3. NOTRE DAME (7-1-1)

Earlier in the week Missouri Coach Dan Devine had regaled newsmen with his version of how the North won the Civil War—"The Union won the toss and took the wind," he said—but the Good Humor man's mood turned black early on against Iowa State. The Tigers fell behind 7–0 quicker than you can say "bowl bid" when Cyclone Linebacker Keith Schroeder scored from 62 yards

continued

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out after picking off a Terry McMillan fumble in midair. On the sideline, Devine was seething or, as he explained after Mizzou's 40–13 victory, "We don't like to be behind, and perhaps I conveyed this message to my players."

Whatever it was Devine said, the Tigers snapped to attention and put points on the scoreboard seven of the next 10 times they had the ball. Sandwiched between field goals by Henry Brown, McMillan contritely ran for two TDs and passed for two more, a gaudy display that was matched defensively by Linebacker Steve Lundholm, who made 11 unassisted tackles and intercepted a pass to set up a touchdown. Afterward, bowl representatives fairly fell over each other trying to get in a word with Devine, but he was more worried about getting his team ready for its finale against Kansas, which is all that stands between Missouri and a 9-1 record. Worried? About hapless Kansas? Well, get this: the last time the Tigers were as good as 9-1 was in 1960, but their only loss was an upset by Kansas. In the last game.

One of Missouri's victims, Nebraska, remained tied with the Tigers for the Big Eight lead by letting the air out of Kansas State's ball 10-7, before a State record crowd of 41,000 in Manhattan. The home fans yelled until they were purple—matching their clothes—but the Wildcats sputtered and died on the Nebraska eight, which is as far as Lynn Dickey was able to drive them in the closing seconds before time ran out. The difference was Paul Rogers' 39-yard field goal in the third quarter. That made it 7-3, so that Van Brownson's TD early in the last period was enough. "Please let me think about this great victory for awhile," said Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney when reporters quizzed him about bowls. Kansas State's Vince Gibson said, "I can't think of anything funny to say at this point. As for bowls, I think we'll be staying at home."

So, probably, will Oklahoma, which bounced Kansas 31–15 as Steve Owens broke two NCAA career records. His three TDs gave him 54, breaking his tie with Glenn Davis' three-year record, and his 200 yards rushing (on 44 carries) gave him 3,535, beating Eugene (Mercury) Morris' 3,388. Oh yes, Owens also has gained more than 100 yards in 17 straight games. "We went out in the second half and really punished them," said Steve.

While Ohio State was dismantling Purdue (*page 22*), Michigan warmed up for Saturday's game with the Buckeyes by flattening Iowa 51–6. "We gotta play better," grumbled the Wolverines' rookie coach, Bo Schembechler, but it seems he doth protest too much. Even if Michigan is whipped by Ohio State, the worst the Wolverines can do is tie Purdue for second, each with two league losses, and then Michigan probably would be voted the Rose Bowl ticket for two reasons: its victory over Purdue and its longer drought between Pasadena trips.

Michigan State's band played the theme from *Mission: Impossible*, then watched the Spartans self-destruct against Minnesota. They fumbled two punts in the second half to set up both TDs and the Gophers' 14–10 victory. Northwestern ended Indiana's Rose Bowl hopes with a 30–27 win, but not without a fight from the Hoosiers' John Isenbarger. Besides gaining 131 yards to become Indiana's first 1,000-yard career rusher, Isenbarger took over at quarterback when both Harry Gonso and his backup, Mike Heizman, were injured, and he threw a 25-yard scoring pass with only 54 seconds left. Indiana now is 0-2 since Coach John Pont kicked off 10 blacks for missing two straight practices. Wisconsin Coach John Coatta was subjected to an unfamiliar charge – pouring it on—after the Badgers beat lame and halt Illinois 55–14. Noting that Wisconsin had beaten Iowa, Indiana and Illinois, Coatta said, "That makes us champions of the Three-I League." And just think— it wasn't too long ago that the Badgers would have had trouble with Ithaca College. Ohio's only other major unbeaten, Toledo, defeated Dayton 20-0.

SOUTH

1. LSU (8-1)
2. TENNESSEE (7-1)
3. AUBURN (7-2)

Ara Parseghian called it "lack of class," and that was probably one of the kinder ways to describe the treatment Notre Dame got in Atlanta. Angered by the way the Irish were pushing their team all around Grant Field, Georgia Tech fans pelted Parseghian with ice and dead fish during and immediately after the game, won by Notre Dame 38–20. One Notre Dame equipment man leaving the field was hit in the head by a full can of Coca-Cola, and another—both arms full of gear—was hit in the face. It was such a brutish display of Southern hospitality that Notre Dame followers momentarily forgot all those bowl rumors that have been building around the Irish through their last four games, all victories.

The Irish have received bowl feelers every year since Parseghian came to coach in 1964, but always have declined in keeping with long-standing school policy. Last Monday, however, Athletic Director Moose Krause capped a week of rumors by announcing that the Irish had accepted a bid to play in the Cotton Bowl against the Southwest champion. To insure their chances of a bid, the Irish tried to score as much as possible against Tech. The first team, including

continued

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Quarterback Joe Theismann, was still playing in the last quarter, which was probably what angered the Tech fans more than anything, especially since their own star quarterback, Charlie Dudish, had been suspended by Coach Bud Carson earlier in the week for breaking regulations.

Georgia ran in four quarterbacks against Auburn's notorious defense, but the only offense the Bulldogs could muster was Jim McCullough's field goal. Meanwhile Auburn mixed Pat Sullivan's passing with a monotonously effective running game, and the Tigers won 16-3. "Against the best personnel in the league today," said Georgia Coach Vince Dooley, "I thought we played well."

Dooley might get an argument from the folks in Baton Rouge, who watched their beloved LSU Tigers butcher Mississippi State 61-6. The Tigers beat the Bulldogs so thoroughly that Coach Charlie McClendon ordered his third-string quarterback, sophomore Butch Duhe, to kill the clock late in the game. But boys will be boys and Duhe, at the behest of his teammates, couldn't resist throwing a 37-yard TD pass to End Curtis Martin on the last play of the game. "After I threw it, I felt bad," said Duhe, apologizing in the dressing room. "I don't like to rub it in when we're far ahead." Shrugged McClendon, "It was impossible to keep 'em down."

With Tennessee's unbeaten season being shattered by Ole Archie—er, Miss (*page 50*)—the Tigers saw a chance to pick up points with the bowl scouts, which they did in such superb fashion that all McClendon could tell them at halftime was "continue doing what you're doing . . . everything is just perfect."

The first-string quarterback, Mike Hillman, played barely more than half the game, just long enough to complete 12 of 13 passes, breaking Y. A. Tittle's LSU record for career completions (167 to 162). The defense was equally devastating, holding State to minus 13 yards rushing—the second time an LSU opponent has been in the minus column—and intercepting three Tommy Pharr passes. Said highhearted Charlie, "I just felt sorry for Charley Shira [the State coach], even though you're not supposed to pity the enemy." The team to pity now is Tulane, which is all that remains between LSU and a 9-1 year, its best under McClendon.

At Gainesville the opening kickoff was in the air, heading for Harvin Clark, a second-stringer who had never started a game nor received a kick. The other deepback, Jimmy Barr, yelled, "You take it, Harvin—take it all the way." Clark did just that, and his 96-yard return cranked up Florida for what was to be a 31-6 rout of hapless Kentucky. "What was I going to do," asked Clark afterward, "yell back that I couldn't

do it." The temperature was in the 40s—the coldest football afternoon in Gainesville in years—but John Reaves kept Gator hearts warm with 26 completions in 42 passing attempts for 280 yards. Reaves broke two more SEC records—season passes completed and attempted—and his Cuban batterymate, Carlos Alvarez, now is only six catches behind the SEC season record of 79. "Everyone else seemed to like playing in the cold weather, but not us Cubans," said Alvarez. "My lungs felt frozen."

Auburn's not-so-friendly neighbor Alabama warmed up for next week's intrastate scrimmage with a 42–6 victory over Miami. The Crimson Tide now has a 6-3 record, and Coach Bear Bryant was moved to say, "There are times when I would have been upset to have one touchdown scored against us, but after what we've been through this year, I have to be real proud of that." Said Miami Coach Charlie Tate, "I've never been so humiliated in my life."

South Carolina won its first Atlantic Coast championship by beating Wake Forest 24–6, giving Paul Dietzel's Gamecocks a 6-3 record heading into their final game against Clemson, which fell to up-and-coming North Carolina 32–15 at Chapel Hill.

For the record: Florida A&M beat Southern University 10–7 to give Coach Jake Gaither his 200th victory at the school.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (8-0)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (8-1)
3. DARTMOUTH (8-0)

Before the game, Penn State Coach Joe Paterno was uncommonly worried about how his unbeaten Nittany Lions would perform, after a week's layoff. "I hope it doesn't hurt us," fretted Paterno. "I've got my fingers crossed." Well, thanks to Charlie Pittman, Paterno didn't have to keep his fingers crossed any longer than 10 minutes. The Lion halfback scored on three short runs during that span, and Penn State was off to what turned out to be its best performance of the season, a 48–0 breeze over Maryland. Pittman now has 26 career TDs, breaking the record set by his boyhood hero Lenny Moore.

As usual, Penn State's gung-ho defense was the Lions' best offense. Pittman's first score was set up when Linebacker Jack Ham blocked a punt at the 50, and his third TD came after State's Mike Reid tipped a pass for Paul Johnson to intercept. The loudest cheer of the day went up when Reid opened the second quarter by intercepting a pass and returning it 26 yards for his first college touchdown. In the third quarter, Johnson returned a punt 56 yards for a TD,

continued

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with a crunching block by Reid taking out two Maryland defenders and clearing the way. All told, State's defense now has helped put 230 points on the scoreboard in the last 18 games by causing 78 turnovers. The Lions are unbeaten in 27 straight games, the first major team to go that long without a defeat since Oklahoma put together 48 straight in the mid-'50s.

State's next opponent, Pitt, made some menacing noises while upsetting Army 15–6 at West Point. It was the Panthers' fourth win of the season, one more than they had managed in the three previous years put together. The Panthers were cool, too, spotting Army a 6–0 lead on two Arden Jensen field goals, then coming back behind the passing of Quarterback Jim Friedl, whose 18-yard TD pass to his 6' 5" receiver, George Medich, broke the game open.

Both Dartmouth and Princeton were supposed to go into their game Saturday with perfect Ivy League records, but — oops. Princeton slipped up and was upset by Yale 17–14. Now Dartmouth needs only to beat Princeton to wrap up the Ivy title and its unbeaten season. If Princeton wins, however, and if Yale beats Harvard as expected, then there would be a three-way tie for the championship. Dartmouth whipped Cornell 24–7, despite Ed Marinaro's 122 yards rushing, which put the Cornell sophomore only 17 yards away from the Ivy season record. Yale's winning margin over Princeton was a 23-yard field goal by Harry Klebanoff, a 5' 6", 140-pound soccer-style kicker.

Navy had trouble getting a first down and was never close to scoring as the Middies fell to Syracuse 15–0, giving them a 1–8 record to take into action against Army Nov. 29 in Philadelphia. Once-beaten Boston University thumped Delaware 30–14, and Massachusetts completed an unbeaten season in the Yankee Conference by beating New Hampshire 48–7. At South Orange, N.J. there were fans in the stand and two teams, Irvington and Seton Hall on the field, but the Seton Hall athletic department had forgotten to hire officials, and the game was postponed. **END**

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Ohio State's Rex Kern earned a few more Buckeye leaves for his helmet in Ohio State's 42–14 win over Purdue. The junior quarterback ran for 57 yards, passed for 104 more and accounted for three touchdowns.

THE LINEMAN: Kern's teammate, Jack Tatum, often called the most gifted athlete on a remarkably gifted team, led the crew that made Purdue boil. Tatum, a 6', 204-pound junior, made eight tackles, helped stop Mike Phipps.



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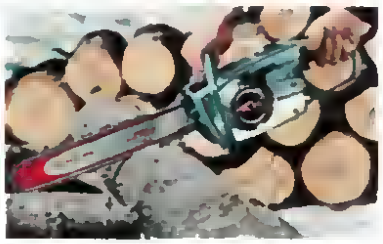
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◉ **Thomas Hart Benton,** who at 80 acts more like the good old boy than the grand old man of American painting, has become a pro football fan and is considering doing a high relief of the action "to keep me busy through the winter." Benton played football himself in high school but has paid the game scant attention since. Team sports lacked individuality, and pro football players almost managed anonymity, clad, as they seemed to him, like "men in armor. You can't see them behind those bars, those masks." However, last year Benton started going to Kansas City Chiefs' home games, and Coach **Hank Stram** invited him down to the sidelines. "Being so close to the players has opened up a whole new dimension of the game," he says. "For the first time I really appreciate the action. The magic moment in football is the second the ball is released for a pass with a blitz on. And the color and spectacle of the game knock me out." Fearful that he would be literally as well as esthetically knocked out, Chiefs' officials recently begged Benton to return to the stands. "They were afraid those big buckaroos might trample me when they went out of bounds," he observed cheerfully, "but, hell, I can move out of the way fast enough."



The British royal family is in somewhat of a financial bind. Just the other day **Prince Philip** said lightly that he might have to give up polo—a statement not taken lightly by regulars of the Fellmongers Pub in the Bermondsey section of London. "We're not raving monarchists," said one of the dockworkers who frequents the pub, "but in our book the Duke ain't a bad geezer." Another regular added, "He's a bit of a sportsman like us, and everyone's entitled to his sport." To enable the Duke to continue playing polo the lads started a fund to buy him a little something. "We can't just send the money to him," one said. "It wouldn't be right, so we will buy him — perhaps a pony or a saddle or at least a new stick. We'll label it, 'A Present from Bermondsey' and put it in a cab to the palace." All well and good, but Pub Owner Neville Axford has noticed that since this decision there have been more TV cameras about the Fellmongers than contributions. "It looks," he says, "as though it might have to be just a pair of socks."

"Heaven only knows what he's going to do with those baseballs," says **Mrs. Fred Haney,** the wife of the former baseball executive, and heaven probably does know, "he" being **Pope Paul VI.** The Haneys went off to Rome recently with a letter from **Cardinal McIntyre** of Los Angeles and four autographed baseballs for His Holiness. Upon their arrival at the Vatican they were flabbergasted to learn that they were to have a *private* audience. Haney is a non-Catholic whose principal qualifications for the honor would seem to be that he was at one time a Cardinal as well as general manager of a band of Angels, but, according to Mrs. Haney, he was "just wonderful. He talked to His Holiness and told him all about baseball." The Pope did not seem to know all that much about the game, but when it was explained that the four baseballs—still in their box—had been autographed by **Joe Cronin, Warren Giles, Bowie Kuhn** and **Joe DiMaggio,** His Holiness beamed. "Ah," he said. "DiMaggio!"

◆ The smash **Mick Taylor** is essaying here in Los Angeles may not have come off, but never mind, the Rolling Stones' current U.S. tour is proving smash enough. Taylor is the newest member of the group, replacing the late Brian Jones. A mere pebble of 20, Taylor is somewhat of a sports enthusiast for a guitarist. Besides playing a fair game of tennis, he was the center on his school's soccer team and has a proper fondness for cricket. In L.A. all of the Stones—**Mick Jagger** (whose father teaches physical education in Kent), **Keith Richard, Charlie Watts** and **Bill Wyman**—played tennis, but it was Taylor who most often picked up his racket when interviews, not the Stones' bag anyway, had him uptight.

Rat, a barely aboveground New York City biweekly that gained national notoriety last week as the employer of a young woman charged with complicity in the bombing of office buildings, not long ago blasted pro football in an interview with Linebacker **Dave Meggyesy** and Guard **Rick Sortun** of the St. Louis Cardinals. Meggyesy was quoted as saying: "Somewhere along the line, the guy has to get infused with this whole ethic of football, which is a militaristic, competitive ethic . . . the structure of the game is very reactionary. We live in a military camp, completely authoritarian . . . guys talking about 'throwing the bomb'—now what the hell does that mean?—or 'running the blitz.'" Why do Meggyesy and Sortun stay in the game? "It's a job," *Rat* says Sortun remarked. "Even though highly paid, you are a worker with respect to the means of production." And, again, Meggyesy: "I justify football by saying it's nonexploitative of other people, but in thinking it through, you find you're exploiting other people symbolically and vicariously. . . . your activity supports the system. People who come to see the game have all this pentup hostility. . . . On Sunday they can do a vicarious trip with their favorite team or player. They really become the heroes and winners in the game—just for two hours on Sunday. Then they are going to be passive for six more days. And we are the paid beef."

◆





COASTING HOME IN SLOW TIME, LONG SHOT AND LARGELY UNKNOWN FORUM TAKES THE RICHEST GARDEN STATE STAKES

The winners are—Forum who? Karabas what?

The 1969 racing season has yet to conclude its long run, but considering the bizarre happenings of last week this is as good a time as any to wish the sport a better finish another year. In the space of five days in the outer regions of New Jersey and Maryland, Sonny Werblin's Silent Screen won the nation's 2-year-old championship by languishing painfully in a cold stall at Garden State, while a 19-to-1 shot named Forum won The Garden State Stakes. Up to last Saturday, Forum had won only one of five races and $7,175, but he led all the way and took the prize of $198,375. Five days earlier an Irish-bred runner representing England captured the $150,000 Washington, D.C. International at Laurel, defeating a field of six in which there was neither an American-bred horse nor an American-born jockey.

In both races horses owned by Charles Engelhard's Cragwood Stable finished second, giving Engelhard and Trainer MacKenzie Miller a pot of $91,125 for not winning. And speaking of money, the week's biggest winners were a trio of bandits who made off with more than a million dollars of Aqueduct swag, prompting an avalanche of jokes among everyone except the police. Jack Dreyfus Jr., new head of the New York Racing Association, showed up to watch his Fried Eggs Over in The Garden State (he finished seventh) and cracked, "No, it's not true that the money is already at work in the Dreyfus Fund."

The disappointment of the week, for horsemen anyway, was the last-minute defection of Silent Screen from The Garden State because of a slight infection around the cannon bone and hock of his left hind leg. His night watchman noticed the colt was in pain at 4 a.m. on race day, and by the time Trainer Bowes Bond and Werblin reached the barn a few hours later there was no question that the season's most successful 2-year-old was through for the year. Normally such an infection poses no long-term problem for a horse. Caught as it was, in time, and before a race in which he might have seriously injured himself, it may have been a blessing. "It will give him a longer rest in Florida," said Bond.

Silent Screen, who won $397,966 and five of his six races, including the Arlington-Washington Futurity, the Cowdin, the Champagne and the Garden State Trial, will be pointed for a Hialeah campaign on the way to the Triple Crown events. He will be the early winter book favorite for the Kentucky Derby, at least until he indicates that 3-year-old distances are not to his liking, a development that does not appear probable.

With the heavy favorite out of the mile-and-a-16th event, The Garden State field was cut to an even dozen, among whom High Echelon and Brave Emperor were considered the best. Neither was in the money as Forum, a son of Jaipur and the Court Martial mare Decor II, beat Engelhard's Protanto by four lengths. High Echelon, winner of two futurities this year, actually was first out of the gate, but Manuel Ycaza quickly took the roan Native Charger colt back to a trailing position along the rail. Wally Blum brought Forum, who had damaged a tooth in the walking ring, out of the No. 4 stall and rolled to an easy lead going into the first turn. Long shot Prize Silver, who broke on the outside, rushed up to take second place.

The race was between these two until just inside the eighth pole, for most of the other riders were taking their mounts back, waiting for Blum and Forum to give up. But Forum did not give up, and after Prize Silver made his one futile challenge turning into the stretch Blum and Forum opened up five lengths and coasted home in the slow time of

1:44⅖. Protanto, a son of Native Dancer, came up from seventh place to get second money of $66,125, beating Prize Silver by three-quarters of a length, while the latter headed Count Alibel for third place. Brave Emperor made a good run from eighth to third in the stretch, but faded again to sixth. High Echelon came from 11th to finish fifth after knocking his head so severely in the gate that he came home with a deep gash over his left eye. A possible excuse for throwing out his race entirely is that he ran it in a dazed condition.

Is Forum destined to be another Sadair or Prince Saim, both of whom faded to obscurity after a moment of glory in The Garden State? "I think not," says Eugene Jacobs, Hirsch Jacobs' younger brother, who trains a public stable that includes 10 horses for Wall Street Financier Herbert Allen. "I really think we may have something here, and at least I know that Forum has broken a two-year slump for me. At Gulfstream Park in 1968 I had a good horse—Favorable Turn—break a leg on me, and I've had the worst two years since then in all the time I've been training. This year I've won only about half a dozen races, and the *only* race until now that I've won for Mr. Allen was when Forum won a maiden race at Belmont Park last month. So now along comes The Garden State, for which we're not nominated. I say to Mr. Allen, 'It will cost us $12,000 to supplement, enter and start. I couldn't buy you a decent horse for that, so why don't we put up the $12,000 to run in The Garden State and go for broke? It's the last chance of the year to go for the big money.' Mr. Allen agreed with me, and see what happened! But I can't say I'm entirely surprised. When I paid $65,000 for this colt [to his breeder, Mrs. Joseph Walker Jr.] at the 1968 Saratoga sales I thought I was doing the right thing. I wanted a Jaipur, and this one was the most perfect yearling I had ever seen. Max Hirsch came to me the next day and told me I had bought the best colt in the sale."

Hialeah is in Forum's future, too. Despite his meager earnings prior to The Garden State, he had been out of the money only once in five races, finishing second once to Paul Mellon's highly regarded Bell Bird and third to Silent Screen and My Dad George in the Garden State Trial. Last Saturday it was a case of Herbert Allen gambling $12,000 and winning $198,375 (the richest Garden State of the 17 runnings) and Sonny Werblin gambling $11,000 on *his* supplementary nomination and going home with nothing but a horse blanket. "This is all a gamble anyway," says former Calumet Trainer Jimmy Jones. "While we're talking about the colts in The Garden State, most of whom are cannon fodder anyway, let's not forget that the 3-year-old year is another thing entirely. How much did anybody know of Tim Tam at the end of his 2-year-old year? And this time a year ago how many people could have told you that the Derby, Preakness and Belmont would be strictly between Majestic Prince and Arts and Letters? Remember, neither of them was even in The Garden State."



DRIVING UP ON THE RAIL, PIGGOTT AND KARABAS (4) SURPRISED LAUREL FANS

At Laurel earlier, the accent was not so much on money—although Lord Iveagh's Karabas collected $100,000 for winning the 18th International—as it was on riding ability. Britain's longtime champion jockey, Lester Piggott, a victor on Sir Ivor a year ago, demonstrated his skill by turning in a cool ride aboard Karabas, while most of his rivals acted as if they were competing in the hush league. The American team of Czar Alexander and Hawaii were running one-two, as expected, turning for home, while behind them on the rail sat Piggott on Karabas. Piggott had saved ground every bit of the way, while Jorge Velasquez had lost ground most of the way by running Hawaii on the outside. On the final turn Angel Cordero, on the lead with Czar Alexander, went slightly wide, taking Hawaii out with him, and Piggott quickly drove Karabas through inside of them. He won drawing away by a little over a length. Hawaii, the South African-bred who is this country's best grass runner, beat Czar Alexander by half a length for second, while the four other foreigners in the seven-horse field (the two French entries and the U.S.'s Nodouble were withdrawn) trailed from 12 to 33 lengths behind.

Karabas, filling in for his stablemate, the brilliant mare Park Top, made the many visiting Britishers (some 170 were aboard a jet chartered by the 17,000-member Racegoers Club) a bit wealthier when he paid $9.20. Trainer Bernard van Cutsem had been so displeased with the slipshod transportation methods used to get foreign horses to Laurel that he threatened never to bring over another challenger. But after the race he said, "Lester, after all, did what we practice everywhere, didn't he? The shortest way home is the best way, isn't it?" The lesson to be learned from the International, obviously, is that if this country is to hold its own in such competition U.S. horsemen must develop more mile-and-a-half turf specialists. To the point is the advice of French racing official Jean Romanet: "Every American wants to come and *see* our Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp. Maybe more of your horsemen should actively participate in it in order to discover what international racing is really all about." **END**



How to succeed at racing without really racing

Actor Robert Redford, poised in e starting gate et left, ahowa it like it is in his new skiing movie shot euthentically from inside the sport

It would he a fine thing for Alpine ski racing, an American must admit, if Dave Chappellet were real. The reason for this is that Chappellet is a handsome, cocky lad out of Colorado who looks like a winner, and U.S. skiing is unaccustomed to those. Unfortunately, Dave is only a movie hero who schusses toward glory in a new film titled *Downhill Racer*. This is the first feature movie ever attempted about ski racing and, although the plot is thinner than a slalom pole, the film succeeds by capturing most of the moods of the sport—from the dashing glamour of a Jean-Claude Killy to the combustion and frustration that surround a Bob Beattie.

The man responsible for the film and the one who portrays the American racer are the same: Actor Robert Redford, who may be more familiar to moviegoers as the subtly humorous sidekick of Paul Newman in the new Western, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. Before Redford ever became a gunman who frolicked off to Bolivia with Butch Cassidy, however, he was a ski nut who went off to Europe in 1968 to study Alpine racing at the major slopes, including Grenoble during the Winter Olympics.

Redford had been a good recreational skier ("an upper ego intermediate," he says) for some time. But he had never been around racing on a world level. He did not know the Bob Beatties and the Billy Kidds, the Killys and Karl Schranzes. All he knew was that he liked skiing, understood the dangers of a downhill—the top event—and was determined to make an authentic documentary-type motion picture about it.

Redford got to know the sport and the people in it pretty well, right down to the silent, withdrawn nature of most racers. This was largely due to the initial aid of Beattie, who was then the U.S. Alpine coach. Redford discovered the underside of the sport, and much of what he saw and overheard that winter comes through in his characterization of Dave Chappellet, a combination Billy Kidd and Spider Sabich (says Redford), and in the portrayals by the film's other actors.

Insiders of ski racing will see a great deal in *Downhill Racer* that is familiar to them, which is a tribute to Redford's doggedness. He deals in realities: his movie racers all act like real ones, and their schusses and crack-ups are shot on the very downhills where they race—the Lauberhorn in Wengen and Hahnenkamm in Kitzbuhel. There also are the realistic hucksterings and rash promisemaking of the coach (Gene Hackman) to raise funds, the shallowness of the pretty European snow bunny (Camilla Sparv) who changes male companions the way she changes discothèques and the overriding theme that ski racing is something of a suspect team sport at best and that racers think very little about their futures beyond the next Olympics.

Skiing people will have fun trying to figure out who Redford had in mind for all his characters, once they do or do not recognize Kidd and/or Sabich. Some are easy: there is a broad parody of ABC-TV's Jim McKay, and the assistant coach was patterned with Gordi Eaton in mind. Schranz is in there—obviously—but there is no Killy anywhere, and Gene Hackman's conception of the coach is as far from Beattie as one could ski. As for minor flaws, one scene takes place in a car up in Wengen and, of course, you can't get a car up in Wengen unless you build it there. There are only scattered spectators at Redford's climactic Olympic downhill instead of the thousands who would line the course.

Still, the speed and danger of the sport are beautifully conveyed by the photography, especially on those shots where cameras take you headfirst, flashing and curving down the Lauberhorn and Hahnenkamm. And the sound is shattering.

But in all, perhaps nothing embraces the truth of the sport more than one scene between Redford and his father, a hard-working, nonskiing farmer back in Colorado. It goes roughly like this:

"I'm on the U.S. ski team," says Redford.

"Do they pay money for that?" asks the father.

"Well, no," says the downhill racer. "But there's the Olympics. And if I win, well, then that'll come later. I'll be a champion."

"World's full of those," the father says.

Indeed it is. But it is not full of ski movies. And the thing that makes *Downhill Racer* a champion in its class is that it is getting critical acclaim on a dual level: from skiers, who would like it anyway, and from critics, who see it as a good movie that happens to be about skiing. END

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CYCLING / *Dan Levin*

What makes Audrey pedal? Tiga muk



LEADING PACK, world champion Audrey McElmury uses power gained from barbells.



Ian McElmury of La Jolla, Calif. rode 4,000 miles on a bicycle before Sept. 4, 1967, a record of sorts, since that is the day he was born. Two days earlier his cyclist mother Audrey squatted with a 135-pound barbell. Although this is far below her record of 210 pounds, her obstetrician was horrified. However, Audrey McElmury didn't become the best woman distance cyclist in the world by lying in bed eating chocolate orange creams and watching *As the World Turns*. Last August she arose bleeding from a fall in Brno, Czechoslovakia to beat more than 40 women from 16 countries in a 44-mile road race and became the first American woman ever to win a world cycling championship.

"The hills of La Jolla won it for me," says Audrey. "Compared to them, the Worlds was easy." Rising from the Pacific north of La Jolla are the foothills of the San Jacinto Mountains. This is where Audrey McElmury has trained for eight years, 40 miles a day, six days a week, nine months of the year. Of more subtle importance than the angle of acclivity are the heavenly smells of sage, berry and Torrey pine, which make this perhaps the best place on earth to own a nose. Human reactions vary. Some sigh and collapse helplessly beneath the trees. Athletes, though, prefer to exhaust themselves; gasping for air is a pleasure. Other wondrous things besides Audrey McElmury have blossomed here. Her husband Scott opens his La Jolla High School yearbook and points to a picture of his class vice-president, a striking girl named Raquel Tequada, who married, then divorced, a local fisherman named Welch.

Mountains and marvelous air were the key, but regular competition in men's road races didn't hurt Audrey. Fortunately, the ban against women competing against men, which still applies in Europe, has been relaxed in Southern California. No American woman can stay with Audrey in a long race. But then, no American woman has quite her regimen. Not only does Audrey lift weights and pedal up 35° slopes, she makes her own yogurt. "Not many *men* ride a bike 240 miles a week, work out regularly with weights and care about their diets, too," says Maylan Wiltse, Audrey's weight-lifting coach and the strength and body-building coach of the San Diego Chargers.

"What he's trying to say," Audrey points out, "is that I didn't all of a sudden become world champion."

Audrey had to stop climbing up stairs with ankle weights when the stairs started caving in, but since she has been working out at Wiltse's La Jolla Health Studio, fears for her safety in all-male races have disappeared. Not, however, because of new and menacing layers of brawn; normal female hormones resist the development of Mr. America muscle. Audrey McElmury is a slender 5'8", 130 pounds and her power is far more practical, as was demonstrated last month when strong men crashed all around her during the final major U.S. cycling event of the year, a six-lap, 50-mile road race at Solvang, Calif.

Seventy-seven of the best American racers were entered—Audrey and 76 men. "It should be a spectacular race," she said beforehand. "There are lots of bad right-angle corners." The road was narrow, with room for perhaps 15 cyclists abreast, and as the race began the tightly packed swarm looked like one of those giant, mutated Things from a 3 a.m. movie, with a dozen dozen pistonlike legs and a thousand eyes—motes of chrome flashing in the sun—undulating by with a hummm-hummm-hummm.

Jockeying for position in the middle of the maelstrom was Audrey McElmury, body low, hair streaming back. "I'd rather look like a girl than cut my hair," she says, but even with a crew cut she would have stood out like a rose in a potato patch.

Fifteen miles into the race a cyclist fell directly ahead of Audrey. She grimaced, swerved sharply to avoid a collision, then continued without hesitation, years of barbell curls paying off. She sat with the pack now, back and head almost parallel to the ground, face slightly upturned to reveal a tight-lipped mouth and the whites of her eyes. "You can tell when she's really pushing back the pain," a friend had remarked earlier. "Her eyes roll up." Rounding the next corner someone lost control and went down with a lingering clatter just behind Audrey. She curbed a dangerous reflex to look back.

All went well until the next to last lap. Going 35 mph, a cyclist trying to pass slapped his front wheel into Audrey's rear wheel, and suddenly three

continued



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men were sprawled on the road. Again Audrey stayed upright, weight-trained triceps, shoulders and back resisting sudden lateral movement.

"She rides like a man, so why knock it," Fred Davis of Westminster, Calif. had said before the race. "I've got no fear of Audrey running into me, though there's a whole lot of guys I've got to watch." Davis finished well behind the leaders, and Audrey, so out of shape after the Worlds that she had considered staying home, beat 64 of America's best men to finish 13th, despite losing half a dozen places in a sprint down the last 300 yards. "She has the stamina to stay up," Alan DeFever, the national road champion, explained, "but if there's a sprint at the end, that's where some guys pass her."

This wasn't a problem last July, when Audrey competed against the clock at the Encino (Calif.) Velodrome. She covered 24.8 miles in one hour, a U.S. women's record, and set additional records at 20 miles and at every mile from two to 15. "At 25 miles an hour you get dizzy," she said. "Can you imagine what it was like going that fast, around and around for 162 laps?"

For better or worse, her husband Scott has been the greatest influence in Audrey's life since they met in 1958, when Audrey was 15. He made her a surfboard that year and surfing was her sport until 1960 when he made her a skateboard and she promptly broke her ankle. When it healed Scott and Audrey went out and bought themselves a couple of bikes. Eight months later Audrey entered a 25-mile time trial against 100 men, and beat half of them. When they got married in 1963, Scott was doubly involved—emotionally and mechanically. Sunday is race day, and on Saturday morning he starts getting Audrey's bikes ready, sometimes not finishing until 4 a.m. Sunday. Scott is a fine cyclist in his own right, but most of his recent leisure time has been spent as Audrey's equipment manager, and he only uses his bike to commute the 12.5 miles to San Diego, where he works as a researcher for Solar, a division of International Harvester. Scott has a Ph.D. in aerospace and mechanical engineering science. Indeed, science plays almost as large a role in Audrey's life as cycling: her father, Dr. Fred B. Phleger, who is at Scripps Institution of Oceanography, is a leading authority on foraminifera, while Audrey has a degree in zoology and for a time worked as a lab technician at the University of California at San Diego.

The McElmury garage, where Scott works on his wife's machines, looks like a small bicycle factory. Six or seven bikes are suspended from the rafters. Scott buys rims, spokes and hubs and makes all of Audrey's wheels, 19 of which dangle from the walls, as do 40 or 50 chains. Four or five dozen tires protrude like snakeskins from chests and drawers, and lately Ian has been hanging out in the garage, ruining his clothes on the greasy chains and shinnying up to the seat of Audrey's racer.

Ian is a tough-looking, fireplug-shaped little kid. If there's such a thing as a



born athlete, he's it. Until he got too big he often went along on 25-mile training rides, riding in a seat above the front wheel. Before he was born, Audrey read a book entitled *Let's Have Healthy Children* and, as a result, bought a huge incubator and began making a gallon of yogurt a week. Unlike the store variety, McElmury yogurt contains no emulsifiers or preservatives.

A McElmury breakfast is not for the squeamish. The eggs, for example, are fertile, and supposedly contain more iron than yours and mine. The milk isn't pasteurized—an obnoxious process that destroys protein and natural hormones, Audrey explains, assuring the horrified of a local law requiring raw milk to have a lower bacterial count than pasteurized milk. Ian, Scott and Audrey drink a minimum of 18 quarts of milk a week, either straight or in an exotic, home-made mixture they call tiger's milk, which makes fewer concessions to the palate than the commercial product. Audrey's contains raw and powdered *milk, orange juice, soy oil,* raw eggs, powdered calcium gluconate, yeast, desiccated liver and bananas, the latter masking the flavor of the two previous ingredients. A taste for Audrey's tiger's milk is acquired. "Take a normal 2-year-old and you couldn't make him drink it because the yeast tastes so bad," Audrey says. Ian ain't normal. He is the youngest health nut in Southern California, the health nuthouse of the world. "Ian want tiga muk," he screams regularly. "Ian want tiga muk. Give Ian tiga muk in a bottew." He will guzzle blissfully for a few minutes, then begin thrusting his bottle at guests. "Drink, drink drink," he orders, and if they refuse he starts throwing surprisingly hard roundhouse punches to their legs.

Ian's precocity and Audrey's achievements may have nothing to do with their superdiets. Still, he doesn't ride a bike or lift weights—yet—and his mother points out that she has broken every one of her personal records since becoming sold on health foods. Audrey should be at her peak around 1972, and it would be a shame if women's cycling weren't an Olympic sport by then. (There are seven men's events.) Who knows? Maybe the sport could win even wider representation. Can't you just see a husky little kid on a tricycle being cheered across the finish line at Munich waving a bottew of tiga muk? **END**



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DOC KERLAN: Rx FOR

by ALFRED WRIGHT

Every Thursday and most Saturdays during the spring and summer, a gray Cadillac drives up to the Turf Club entrance to Hollywood Park in Inglewood, Calif., well ahead of the first post time. An attendant steps smartly forward and opens the driver's door.

"Hi, Doc," he may say to the occupant. "Got any good ones for today?"

A great bear of a man climbs out and gives the attendant a smile, a cheery hello and—if he has one—a tip on one of the horses running at Hollywood that day. Then the man called Doc walks toward the Turf Club gate. His progress is painful to watch. Bending at the waist and shoulders, he moves with the short, constricted steps of an arthritic. Despite the obvious discomfort, his face is cheerful and usually lit with a smile. He nods and smiles at the ticket takers, program sellers and other early arrivals as he moves up the steps and through the flower gardens on his way to the stands.

Sometimes he takes a detour down a short path on the right and goes through an unmarked door to the jockeys' room at the track. Inside, the Pinkerton guard at the door greets him deferentially, and the heads of the waiting jockeys turn his way. As he moves through the room, several of them may ask him about some real or fancied ailment, or pass on the latest piece of jocks' gossip.

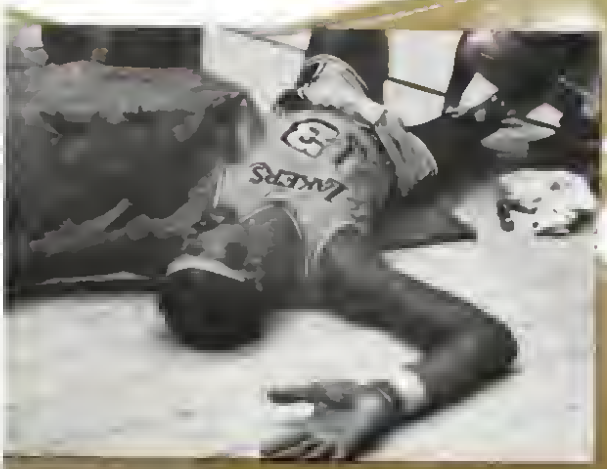
One afternoon last May, Doc made a special point of looking into the jocks' room, because an Eastern rider, Walter Blum, had flown out from New Jersey to handle a mount in a stakes race. Doc had treated the ankle fracture that Blum had acquired at Santa Anita a few months earlier.

"How's it feel?" Doc asked Blum, who was booted and

continued



ATHLETES





ready to ride. "Not too good, Doc," Blum told him. "Particularly when I bend it." Blum sat on a table, and Doc grabbed the booted leg, bending the foot down severely. "Ouch!" Blum said, "that hurts."

"Of course it hurts," said Doc. So they took off the boot, and Doc felt the ankle, kneading it expertly with his thumb and giving it another severe twist.

"How long is it going to hurt?" Blum asked.

"Oh, maybe another year," Doc said airily. "It'll get well. Don't worry about it. Just be glad you're not Shoemaker." So saying, Doc shuffled off to talk to a couple of other riders who needed attention. On the way out, a young jockey named Senon Trevino waylaid Doc and quietly told him to get a bet down in the second race on Kenavo, whose trainer had never before won a race at a major track. Doc was delighted. Nothing brightens his day like a long shot. He passed it along to the elevator operator on his way to the Turf Club, and also to a friend waiting at the daily-double window. Doc paired the long shot with a couple of favorites in the first race, then he went to his front-row box a few minutes before the start.

He sat there with his friends, Fred Astaire and Charlie Wacker—Charles Wacker III, a thoroughbred owner and heir to a Chicago industrial fortune. The three of them go racing as often as possible, and make a few thousand different kinds of bets among themselves, besides the ones they place at the mutuel windows. They nodded without surprise when one of the favorites Doc had in the first half of the double won, but the response was considerably more animated when Kenavo, who went off at 60 to 1, got up in the final stride to provide a double payoff of $419.20. It was a glorious sight to see Doc—bent but joyous—waving his winning tickets in unabashed triumph.

In his more formal moments with his white coat on, Doc is Robert Keith Kerlan, M.D., an orthopedic surgeon; assistant professor of clinical surgery, department of orthopedics, University of Southern California; senior attending physician at the USC Medical Center in Los Angeles County; orthopedic consultant to the Jockeys' Guild, the California Angels, the Los Angeles Lakers, the Los Angeles Kings, the San Diego Padres and, until last season, the Los Angeles Dodgers.

As a result, Kerlan's name keeps appearing in the sports pages (not entirely to his pleasure); sportswriters are his friends, and they want to give him a plug (which he doesn't need). Writers have a fertile field in Bob Kerlan, though. Last April he repaired Bill Shoemaker's fractured pelvis and the year before that his broken leg. He was in charge of Sandy Koufax's arthritic elbow during the last painful years of his career, of Elgin Baylor's knee, of Juan Marichal's back, Duke Snider's knee, Chi Chi Rodriguez' thumb, Tommy Davis' ankle, Robin Roberts' neck, Al Kaline's foot, and so on through the pantheon of wounded heroes who owe him so much.

Perhaps it is not a nice thing to say about any man, but Doc Kerlan is one of those rare public personalities who is virtually without enemies or serious critics. In fact, he is the focal point of so much affection and admiration that opinions of him grow fairly monotonous. "The way we all talk about him," says Jack Kent Cooke, the owner of the Lakers and Kings, "you would think he was dead."

The affection for Kerlan is easy enough to understand. He is that ideal of psychiatry—a round peg in a round hole. Born on Florence Nightingale's birthday (May 12) in 1922, the son of a country doctor in Aitken, Minn., he started his college career on a basketball scholarship at UCLA at the age of 16, when most kids are trying to decide what kind of tonic to put on their hair. Not Doc, as he was known even in those days. He was certain that his future lay in either medicine or sport. After a year's fling at college basketball he opted for medicine, and the losing half of him metamorphosed into one of the major sports fans of our era.

The professional admiration is something else. As an orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Robert Kerlan might well have gone through his career competently, even brilliantly, healing the broken arms, sprained knees, torn ligaments and stiff necks of housewives and businessmen in that western corner of Los Angeles known as the Crenshaw District, where he hung up his shingle 19 years ago. Because he is as capable as he is and as generous with his talent—as physician and teacher—his reputation might have spread clear across town.

But because he was such a sports fan, Kerlan more or less stumbled into "athletic medicine," as he likes to call it. The first stumble came when he and a friend, an internist named Bob Woods, started spending their free evenings at Los Angeles' old Wrigley Field, where the L.A. Angels of the Pacific Coast League used to commit their sins. They decided to apply for the job of team physicians, in return for which they got free seats in the ball park. They were serving in this capacity when Walter O'Malley brought the Dodgers to town.

Kerlan and Woods wrote to Buzzie Bavasi, the Dodgers' general manager, asking if they could continue their duties with the new team when it took up residence in the Coliseum. Bavasi was preoccupied with other matters, so he didn't get around to interviewing the two young doctors until the day before the season started. Even then he thought they wanted to take care of the customers who fainted from heat prostration and the sight of fumbled grounders. They finally made their intentions clear, and Bavasi recently claimed that Kerlan was the most valuable man he signed up for the Dodgers in his 10 years with the club in Los Angeles.

Kerlan's early years with the Dodgers were instructive, if not medically historic. Some of the older players had brought their ailments West with them—Duke Snider a pair of creaky knees that had already been carved on, and Ed Roebuck an arm that was as limber as a medieval drawbridge. So Kerlan began getting on-the-job training in the unique maladies of athletes.

There is a kind of intimate locker room view of sport in listening to Kerlan de-

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scribe his cases. His is a special language—half clubhouse, half surgical ward. "When Duke got out here," Kerlan recalled the other day, "he had this operated knee, and he was having this recurrent hydrathrosis, or water on the knee. Sometimes in these operated knees an athlete will be bothered by some persistent formation of fluid in the joint on usage. Duke would get an awful lot of fluid, and it would keep him from running properly. I used to drain the fluid occasionally and put in some anti-inflammatory material. One night I took it out before a game, but I couldn't get it all, which occasionally happens, and I was kind of upset. But apparently I'd left in just about the amount the body needed, because it didn't form any more fluid. And I never had to tap Duke's knee again. Since then I've done that on other occasions and found that the same thing happened.

"Roebuck," Kerlan now recalls, "was probably the bravest, toughest player I've ever seen. He had a completely frozen shoulder and would tear it loose by pitching, to such a degree that the whole shoulder-blade area and underneath his armpit would turn black and blue. I told Buzzie he'd never make it, but I was the happiest person in the world when he did, I'll tell you. Guys with guts like that just don't come around very often."

Kerlan probably is right. And his own physical condition is a good example of what he's talking about. During his med-school days at the University of Southern California, he began to notice pains in his back and legs, strong enough to cause him agony during any kind of strenuous physical activity. While he was in the Army the trouble was diagnosed as a slipped disc, and arrangements were made to operate. Fortunately for Kerlan, the medical unit that was scheduled to perform the operation was shipped out before it could be done. A year or so later a young Army doctor in Pasadena spotted the real source of the pain: rheumatoid spondylitis. "Missing out on that operation was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me," Kerlan says today. "Because this disease can simulate a ruptured disc in its early stages." The ailment, a form of arthritis, not only is not curable but is progressive, and probably means a near-complete loss of mobility for Kerlan in the years ahead. If he is aware of this—and he must be—he has never made the slightest show of concern.

Once the Dodgers moved into their new stadium in Chavez Ravine, Kerlan became a permanent nightly fixture in the press-level box alongside the broadcasting booth of Vin Scully and Jerry Doggett. Now the Dodgers were beginning to get the feel of this jovial, well-adjusted man, who would be in the clubhouse with them each evening before the game, playing cards or kibitzing, sharing in their jokes or problems.

Vin Scully, who has had a lot of time to observe Kerlan, professionally and socially, says, "He didn't need this job, being out every night. But it has served a tremendous psychological need, because Doc had to experience the vicarious thrill of being a jock. He couldn't be one himself because he was sick, but it was the next best thing for him to be in the clubhouse with the sweat and the liniment, and he could live with these kids. He was thrilled when they won, he was flat when they lost. He could go into the dugout and the clubhouse and talk with these guys and clown with them, and they respected his need for their company even if they might not know why it was.

"This is what gives him the great rapport with the athletes, whether it is baseball or basketball or hockey. They feel at heart he's an athlete. He's also anything but stuffy. Bob would just as soon be telling the players a dirty joke, which they love, and they would tell him a dirty joke. He's really one of the boys.

"Also," Scully continues, "the players couldn't con him any. They see him all doubled up with arthritis, and they respect his pain. They don't know anything about it really, but each guy says, gee, I understand he takes 30 pills a day or 60 aspirin a day or whatever it is, and the players respect that."

According to Scully, a major instrument in the orchestration of Kerlan's career has been his wife Rachel, an exceptionally beautiful, dark-haired and quietly shy lady who came from a ranch near Yuma. They met while she was studying to be a nurse and Kerlan was an intern at County Hospital, and they married 19 years ago when their combined salaries were $38.50 a week. When Kerlan opened his first office Rachel was his nurse, bookkeeper, receptionist and general factotum. There were times during that early struggle when a patient would inquire how much he owed, and Doc would say, "You'll have to ask the nurse on the way out." Later he would ask Rachel what she had charged, and often she would admit, "Oh, I didn't have the heart to charge him anything."

Their progress up the financial ladder was slow but steady, not unlike the progress of the rheumatoid spondylitis down Kerlan's back. Through it all, Rachel has been understanding, but, as Scully puts it, "not overly sympathetic. If she had been overly sympathetic," he says, "Doc might have been finished years ago."

Scully tells of the time Kerlan bought a bike and a sweat suit and decided to cycle around the neighborhood each day to keep in shape. On his maiden voyage he took a violent spill before he got out of the driveway, and Rachel, who was watching from the front door, broke up laughing. So instead of ending his trip on the living-room couch with hot and cold compresses, Kerlan remounted with teeth clenched and was off again.

The catalyst for Kerlan's fame, the instrument that converted him from an unknown local orthopedist into a national sports figure, was Sandy Koufax's arm. Kerlan's first efforts on behalf of that golden limb were in the summer of 1962, when Koufax developed an arterial blood clot in his left hand while trying to learn to hit left-handed so he would not have to expose his left elbow when batting. "He was given some medication directly into the artery of the arm, which dissolved this clot," Kerlan recollects, "and he had immediate improvement of his situation. Another day or two and he might have had complete

continued

loss of circulation in his index finger, which could, of course, have resulted in portions of the finger being lost.

"The other thing was the elbow, and I'll never forget that. I was at home—it was April Fool's Day—and Buzzie called from Florida. He said Sandy's elbow was all swollen up. Sandy was pitching very well at the time, so I thought I'd play a little joke, and I just said, 'Sure it is,' and hung up. Buzzie called right back and said he was serious and was flying Sandy home, and that's when we first made the diagnosis of his traumatic arthritic condition.

"He had a peculiar thing that doesn't happen very often, he was getting water on the elbow. The joint would swell up to where he could hardly bend it or extend it. The water had to be removed on occasions, and then we used anti-inflammatory agents. Then he had the physical measures, the heat beforehand and then, after he pitched, the ice packs to reduce the metabolic strain on the local tissues.

"He pitched like that for three years, but the last year he was obviously in a lot of pain, and he wasn't pitching as well. I made no particular suggestions to him about retiring: I don't think that's up to the doctor. I think you can answer objective questions by the patient and then let him make his own decision on the basis of the answers you've given him. But sometimes they ask you questions that are difficult to answer. As he was losing some movement of his elbow, Sandy was worried about how much it would interfere with normal pursuits like golf and things like that—even washing his face and shaving—after he quit. Also, he developed spurs that couldn't be removed, and a synovitis, which is an irritation of the lining of the joint.

"The human arm isn't built to pitch a baseball. There are unnatural stresses placed on it, and some fellows place more stress than others. I know in the case of horses that some horses with the greatest ability try too hard and put out so much that they're difficult to keep sound. I think that's the way it is with some athletes, too."

Ultimately, of course, Koufax opted for retirement, and he says of Kerlan today, "The important thing about Doc is his ability to distinguish between the treating of athletes and the treating of regular patients. In our case, it wasn't so much a question of getting well as being able to perform. We can get well in the off season.

"Another thing about Doc that is important to athletes is that he is such a terrific guy," Koufax adds. "His own physical problems are far more serious than most of those he treats, and yet he is always having a good time—telling jokes, kidding people and getting kidded in return. I always liked him as a doctor, but more than that I liked him as a man."

When the Lakers moved to Los Angeles in 1960 Kerlan was soon retained by the then-owner Robert Short. His first serious job for the Lakers was Elgin Baylor's left knee, which had been injured in the first game of the 1965 NBA playoffs against Baltimore. Jumping for a rebound, Baylor had suffered a hairline fracture of his kneecap. In an extremely delicate operation Kerlan removed the upper one-eighth of the kneecap above the fracture and reattached the quadriceps tendon to the rest.

Baylor remembers waking up in the operating room while still under sedation and wondering whether he would ever play again. Kerlan, who was standing by, assured him he would. "He told me the recovery would be a slow and difficult process—one thing about Doc, he never kids you." As part of the rehabilitation, Kerlan prescribed a 37-pound weight for Baylor's shoe, which he lifted 200 times a day throughout the summer months.

When the new season began Baylor still had little faith in the strength of his knee and played cautiously for several months. Just before a game one night in January 1967, Kerlan was in his regular seat on the floor of the arena, and

continued



Laker superstar Elgin Baylor and Kerlan discuss the progress of Baylor's knee since surgery.

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the thought occurred to him that Baylor might need "a little mental stimulation." So he called Baylor over and said, "You know, Elgin, you've got to test this thing one time or another. If you're not going to go out and play, if you think you can't, come on over and sit with me. I've got an extra seat here, and you can just forget about playing."

From then on Baylor went all-out, and in a matter of weeks he was again the superstar he had been in the past. It was from a similar courtside seat two weeks ago that Kerlan witnessed an injury to Wilt Chamberlain that bore a grisly resemblance to Baylor's. Going after a lob pass in a game against Phoenix, the Stilt came down badly on his right leg and crumpled to the floor. Kerlan was at his side in seconds, made a quick—and, it turned out, correct—diagnosis (a ruptured tendon) and had Chamberlain taken to the hospital. The next day Kerlan and his associate, Dr. Frank Jobe, reattached the tendon to Wilt's right kneecap in a one-hour and 40-minute operation. Kerlan was pointedly vague about Wilt's prognosis, but some observers found significance in the fact that he and Jobe came out of surgery smiling.

Typically, Kerlan disparages his own role. "It was an operation that every orthopedist in the country would have performed in the same manner," he says. "I just happen to be lucky that I'm treating athletes of that stature who make the orthopedist look good."

Through the past year and a half Kerlan has had more public attention than ever, thanks to Bill Shoemaker, who has run into a spate of bad luck after more than 19 years of riding without a serious accident. In the winter of 1968 Shoemaker had a wicked fracture of his thighbone when his horse fell at Santa Anita.

After examining the injury Kerlan told him there were two choices. He could have the bone set by traction measures and then remain in traction in bed for 10 weeks. After that the leg would be in a cast for another three months. Or Kerlan could perform an open reduction and run a pin through the marrow of the bone to hold it in place. Though the latter might involve more complications, Kerlan pointed out, it offered the better chance of quick recovery since the muscles would not atrophy as much. Shoe chose the pin.

Even so, it was almost a year before Shoe was back in the saddle. He started with a bang, riding three winners out of three mounts on his first day back at Santa Anita last February, but his return to steady form was slower. By April he was at last nearing full strength again—with just a slight limp—when, in a freak accident at Hollywood Park, a filly reared up and fell over on him in the paddock, fracturing his pelvis and damaging some internal organs. This time there was no question of what to do; Kerlan put him in a cast for the fracture, while a urologist handled the internal problems.

"Kerlan was the carpenter, and the other guy was the plumber," Shoe likes to say. This time the healing has been more rapid.

Just being with Shoemaker was a labor of love for Kerlan, for his abiding interest in racing goes back to his boyhood. Young Bob was a strapping lad, who grew rapidly to 6′3″ and 220 pounds, and when he wasn't helping his father on the lonely trips to faraway patients he was playing all the sports and following the horses at the county fair in summertime. Later, as an intern at County Hospital, he discovered Santa Anita and the *Racing Form*.

"Once I got interested," he says, "the next logical step was to have a horse. First I went into partnership on a horse with a guy named Charlie Russell, but later I decided I wanted horses of my own. From then until I lost a horse at this last meeting at Santa Anita, I've always had at least one thoroughbred in training and sometimes two or three. I've had thoroughbreds every way—I've bred them, I've bought them at yearling sales, I've bought them privately, I've claimed them—and I've never had a horse that ran as high as an allowance race. Ever. They were all claimers. I've won a few races, but damn few. Anyway, I've learned a lot." Kerlan laughs, as if it were some kind of marvelous joke on himself.

"Once I claimed a horse that had lost 54 consecutive races. I knew he was a bleeder, but he had some class, and I thought he could be treated. I had a lot of confidence in my trainer, Jimmy Jordan, so we laid the horse up and treated him with vitamin K and things like that for three or four months. I got very interested in what to do for bleeding horses, and some radiologist friends of mine thought that if you could get a tumor dose of X ray into a horse's turbinates in his nose where the bleeding arises, you could probably sizzle all those vessels and they'd never bleed again.

"In fact, we were even going to put some gunnysacks on his feet and have somebody lead the horse into the radiology lab next door to my office in the medical center one night and have somebody hold a switch with a leaded glove and give him some X ray in the office. One of the partners decided against it, because we were going to have to take part of the door off to get him in.

"We finally started him on the first of January at Santa Anita—Lightning Jack was his name—and he won that very first start and paid $18.40. The next time we got Shoemaker to ride him, he ran into a blind switch at the quarter pole and ran out of the money. Shoemaker said later that if he hadn't he should have won by five lengths."

Kerlan's newest hobby is harness horses. He is a stockholder and director of the Western Harness Racing Association, which is just branching out into night racing in California, and together with half a dozen of his jollier friends he has a partnership in something called Twilight Farms, which owns 12 standardbred racing and broodmares.

Despite all his sporting interests, however, Kerlan remains most devoted to medicine, particularly now that he cannot be sure how long his ailment will let him carry on actively. Already he has restricted his surgery to very special cases, and the slack has been taken up by Jobe, one of two younger men Kerlan has taken into his office.

Working side by side with Kerlan,

continued

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Jobe has become an all-out disciple. "I think Bob is a genius," Jobe says. "His superiority as a doctor is in his head. It's the ability to evaluate a situation and come up with a good judgment. You can't really get that out of books, it's something that you have or don't have. As Bob says, 'You can teach a chimpanzee how to do a surgical operation, but it's knowing *when* to do one that's important.' You could say he didn't perform a great operation on Koufax, but he kept him pitching by being very sensitive to the needs of that elbow and taking care of it with little things. He's that way with his regular patients just as much as he is with athletes."

Kerlan believes that "the major impact on my career" was made by Dr. Vernon Thompson, one of his professors at USC. "He was a very conservative orthopedist," Kerlan explains, "and I am also very conservative due to his teaching. He was a strong advocate of finding out what the natural process of any orthopedic problem is. In other words, what would happen if you didn't do anything. Thompson impressed one thing on me: you're an orthopedic physician first and an orthopedic surgeon second. Sure, the surgery itself is important, but it's only one of the things."

His experiences with injured athletes have led Kerlan to think more and more in terms of preventive measures or what he calls "the area of prophylaxis." As an example, he cites the Texas A&M football coach who discovered that a lot of knee injuries result from players getting their heel cleats caught in the turf and how he minimized these injuries by designing a shoe with two soccer cleats in the heel. Kerlan himself has designed some basketball pants with pockets in the rear for inserting small plastic shields that protect the sacroiliac joint when a player falls on his behind. The players haven't accepted them yet, largely for esthetic reasons.

The conservative approach to medicine is most apparent in Kerlan's attitude toward drugs. "I don't believe in giving stimulants to athletes," he says emphatically. "Dexedrine and medications like that are meant to get them real high for a particular game, and I don't believe in that. On the other hand, we use anti-inflammatory medication all the time. If we're treating an athlete who is bothered because he has a chronic or an acute strain which has then caused swelling or pain, then it's rather routine. We use Butazolidin on Baylor and West and Chamberlain. This is to treat them so they can play in a normal manner. It isn't used to stimulate them or build them up for one contest and then not used for a lesser game.

"There is an application of this to the problem of horses," Kerlan adds. "Drugs like Butazolidin and indocin are anti-flammatory agents, not painkillers. If an animal is having pain because there is an inflamed joint or an inflamed tendon or an inflamed muscle, these medications treat the symptom, not just eliminate the pain."

Kerlan anticipates the day when athletic medicine will become a legitimate offshoot of orthopedics. Discussing this notion, he says, "I see a lot of young residents at the hospital who are interested in learning more about this, and their formal training doesn't include much of it at present. Fellowships could be set up under individuals who have been doing this for some time, and just as the subspecialty of hand surgery developed from orthopedics, I'm sure that a subspecialty in athletic injuries will develop. There are more and more orthopedic meetings set aside for just this subject, and they're very well attended."

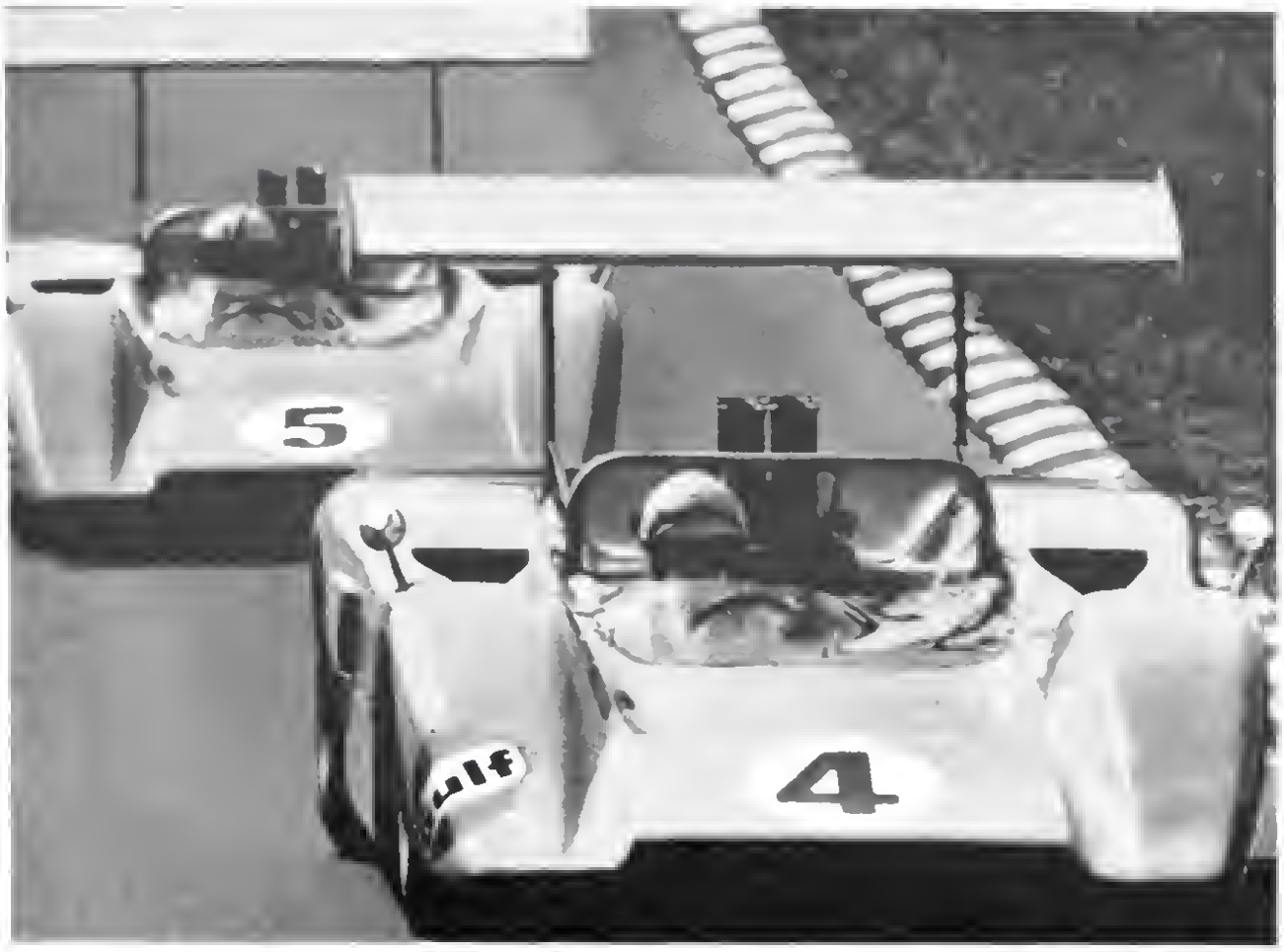
As Kerlan points out, the problem of athletic injuries is no longer confined to the more violent participation at the high school, college and professional level. The ailments of those people are now shared by Little Leaguers as well as the middle-aged weekend overdoers with a passion for fitness or, at least, an urge to look reasonably young and healthy. "The aging process does cause some loss

continued



With old friend Buzzie Bavasi, Kerlan relaxes over lunch at the Turf Club at Hollywood Park.

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of elasticity of the soft tissues," Kerlan warns, "and if the tissue isn't quite as elastic it's much easier to get an injury to it. A typical example of that is the number of torn Achilles' tendons you see in the older people who play games that require quick stopping and starting — tennis, paddle tennis, handball and the like."

Conservative as he may be, Kerlan used pills on one occasion that caused his sportsmanship, if not his ethics, to come under serious indictment. That was during the 1967 World Series in Boston. Kerlan had gone there with Bavasi, with whom he has developed one of the closest friendships of his later years. They and their wives often take holiday trips together, and when Bavasi moved to San Diego as president of the new National League franchise there, he made Kerlan a director of the club. (Kerlan has since resigned his post with the Dodgers.)

Prior to the Boston excursion, Mrs. Bavasi warned Kerlan that her husband was a very raucous snorer. Bavasi takes the story from there. "We got to our suite and to bed early, and Boh said, 'Here, I'll give you a pill that will put you to sleep right away, and you won't snore.' So I took two of the pills and stayed up *all* night, never got a wink of sleep. I found out the next morning he had given me some pills to keep me *awake* so that I wouldn't snore. Very funny!"

In his more serious moments Kerlan sometimes reflects on the last decade — the extraordinary escalation of his personal and professional fortunes, the friends he has made at the ball parks and the racetracks, the exceptional athletes he has treated such as Koufax and Baylor and Shoemaker, Don Drysdale and Don Carter, the bowler, and Tony Lema and Willie McCovey, and the whole splendid array that he refers to as "those wonderful champions." He thinks about them, and he sighs and says, "Sometimes I have to pinch myself when I realize I'm getting paid for this."

Kerlan's patients all claim that they're the lucky ones. **END**

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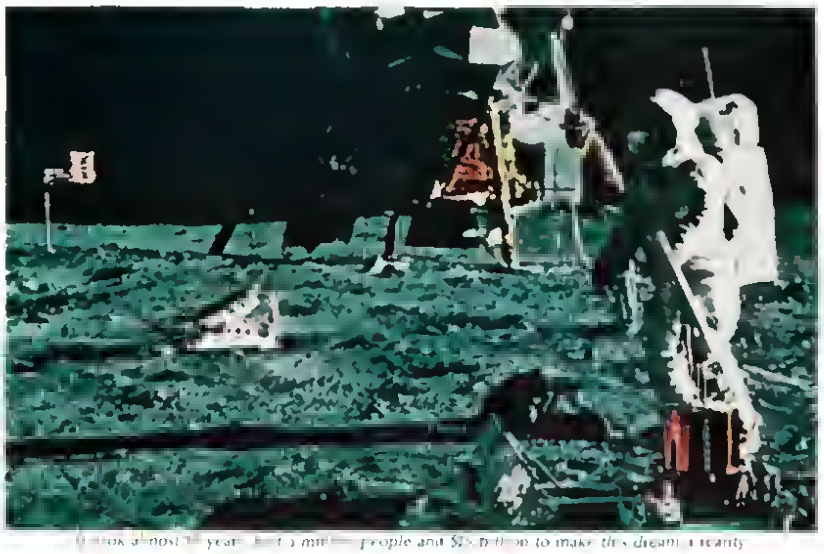
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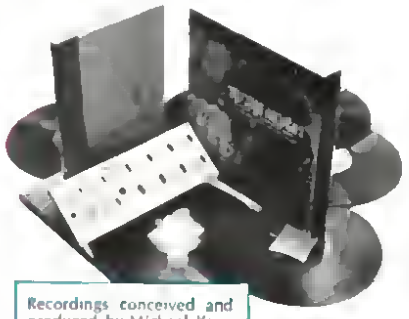
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA Last week belonged to the New York Knicks. Of their four wins, which made them the Eastern leader by six full games, probably the most satisfying was the last, they beat Boston in their first meeting of the season 113–98. It was New York's 17th win in 18 games, a league record for the start of the season and the team's 12th in a row, a club record. The Knicks who had watched helplessly for 13 years as the Celtics rolled to 11 NBA championships had prepared for a much tougher game than they got. They forgot as Boston General Manager Red Auerbach said before the game that Bill Russell was no longer there. "The opposition puts a shut up and four of our guys start breaking down the floor. I have to scream at them. But, we haven't got the ball set." Dave DeBusschere broke his nose on Rick Roberson's fist when the Knicks beat L.A. 112–102 but came back taped like a mummy two nights later and played his best game of the season, 24 points and 16 rebounds in the 116–103 win over San Francisco.

ABA Warren Armstrong led the Washington Caps in scoring, rebounds and assists for the third game in a row when they beat New York 102–101, but he sprained an ankle in the process and joined Rick Barry on the sidelines as the Caps went on the road. Without Armstrong or Barry, the team lost in Dallas 122–104 and barely beat New Orleans 101–99. The Caps moved into a tie for first with Los Angeles in the Western Division, however, thanks to a truly heroic performance by Dallas' Cincy Powell. To the delight of his personal, 25-member L.A. rooting section of relatives he scored 26 points, including the final-second free throw that beat the Stars 96–94, their first loss in five games. All this in spite of a not-yet-mended cheekbone, a sprained ankle and two days in bed with the flu.

NBA—East: New York (4-0), Baltimore (3-0), Milwaukee (2-2), Philadelphia (1-2), Cincinnati (1-4), Detroit (2-3), Boston (0-4). West: Atlanta (3-1), Chicago (2-2), Los Angeles (1-3), Phoenix (2-2), San Francisco (0-4), San Diego (4-0), Seattle (2-2).

ABA—East: Indiana (3-1), Kentucky (3-1), Carolina (1-1), Pittsburgh (0-4), Miami (1-3), New York (0-4). West: Washington (2-1), Los Angeles (3-1), Dallas (2-2), New Orleans (3-1), Denver (2-1).

FOOTBALL—NFL Dallas virtually clinched the Capitol Division by beating second-place Washington 41–28. As President Nixon watched rookie Calvin Hill gained 150 yards in 27 carries (both club records) and ran for two touchdowns while Craig Morton completed eight of 17 passes for 156 yards including one for 65 yards to Lance Rentzel for a score. Virtually assured, too, was Minnesota's title in the Central Division after Sunday's game. An underthrown pass from Green Bay's Bart Starr to Dave Hampton was intercepted in the final minutes by Viking Bobby Bryant, cutting off the Packers' last chance to score. Minnesota won 9–7 on three Fred Cox field goals, from 10, 12 and 20 yards.

AFL Buffalo moved from fourth to third in the Eastern Division by beating Miami 28–3, while Boston, the underdog, had its day, upsetting Cincinnati 25–14 for its second win of the season. Buffalo O. J. Simpson returned the opening kickoff 73 yards and scored two plays later on an eight-yard pass from Jack Kemp. Marlin Briscoe caught a 12-yarder in the second quarter, Bill Enyart ran in from the one in the third and Simpson did it again in the fourth on Kemp's 58-yard pass. Boston's defense picked off three Greg Cook passes, recovered two of three Cincinnati fumbles and tackled Jess Phillips in the Bengals' end zone for a safety. The offense did its share, too, with 19 points in the first quarter alone. Fullback Jim Nance gained 125 yards, putting him over 100 for the second game in a row.

NFL—East: Century: Cleveland (6-2-1), St. Louis (3-5-1), New York (3-6), Pittsburgh (1-8), Capitol: Dallas (8-1), Washington (4-3-2), Philadelphia (3-5-1), New Orleans (2-7). West: Central: Minnesota (8-1), Detroit (6-3), Green Bay (5-4), Chicago (1-8). Coastal: Los Angeles (9-0), Baltimore (5-4), Atlanta (3-6), San Francisco (2-6-1).

AFL—East: New York (7-3), Houston (4-4-2), Buffalo (3-7), Miami (2-7-1), Boston (2-8). West: Kansas City (9-1), Oakland (8-1-1), Cincinnati (4-5-1), Denver (4-5-1), San Diego (4-6).

HARNESS RACING—Ending his career with his 22nd consecutive victory, OVERCALL ($2.80) took the $100,000 American Pacing Classic at Hollywood Park by 3½ lengths over Sunnie Tar and Runi Customer. Overcall retires to stud in 1970 with career earnings of $830,000.

HOCKEY—NHL Montreal extended its winning streak to eight, taking three more games and first place in the Eastern Division from New York after beating Los Angeles 6–3 on a night when the Rangers were idle. The Rangers won their next two games, but so did the Canadiens and the one-point lead held up. Montreal Goalie Rogatien Vachon registered his first shutout of the season and Claude Provost scored twice in a 5–0 victory in Oakland, while three nights later in St. Louis Yvan Cournoyer's third period goal beat the Western Division-leading Blues 3–2. St. Louis and Montreal have now met 22 times, including playoffs and exhibitions, and the Blues' record stands at 0-17-5.

NHL—East: Montreal (3-0), New York (2-0), Boston (2-1), Detroit (0-2-1). Chicago (2-0), Toronto (1-2). West: St. Louis (1-2), Minnesota (1-0-1), Oakland (0-3-1), Pittsburgh (2-0-1), Philadelphia (0-0-1), Los Angeles (0-2).

HORSE RACING—Silent Screen, unbeaten in five of his six races and supplemented for $10,000 to the $340,625 Garden State Stakes developed an infection the night before the race and was scratched, leaving the richest Garden State ever to Herbert Allen's FORUM ($39.60), who won by four lengths over Protanto and three-fourths of a length more over Prize Silver. *[page 64]*

The Earl of Iveagh's KARABAS ($9.20), ridden by Lester Piggott, won the $150,000 Washington International by 1¼ lengths over Cragwood Stable's Hawaii and another half-length over third-place Czar Alexander. Piggott also rode last year's winner, Raymund Guest's Sir Ivor.

HORSE SHOWS—Argentina's DR. RUGO ARRAMBIDE, a Buenos Aires attorney, rode Adagum to first place in the final international jumping class—the Grand Prix of New York—of the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, but the overall individual championship went to BILL STEINKRAUS of the U.S. Equestrian Team, while the U.S. won the team championship by a wide margin over Argentina.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: The American League's Most Valuable Player, by the Baseball Writers' Association, HARMON KILLEBREW of the Minnesota Twins, who led the majors with 49 homers and 140 RBIs and now ranks 13th in major league history with 446 home runs.

ELECTED: To chairmanship of the New York Racing Association, JACK J. DREYFUS JR., financier and owner of Hobeau Farms, 1967's leading money-winning thoroughbred racing stable.

FILED: By ROGER BROWN of the ABA's Indiana Pacers, a suit for $1.5 million against the NBA similar to Connie Hawkins' 1966 action for allegedly denying him the chance to play in the NBA.

RESIGNED: From his coaching duties while retaining the title general manager of the San Diego Chargers, SID GILLMAN, 58, head coach since the AFL club was founded in 1960. "It isn't our football that prompted it. My doctor says I must," said Gillman, who has been undergoing treatment for an ulcer and whose season record is 4-6.

RETIRED: GUS MAUCH, trainer for the New York Mets since their inception and before that for the New York Yankees through 12 pennants and 10 World Championships. In 1949 Mauch opened a trainers' training school in Florida, eight graduates of which are now head trainers in the majors. His replacement will be TOM McKENNA, trainer for the Washington Senators since 1961, five of those years under Manager Gil Hodges.

DIED: JACK TORRANCE, 58, holder of the world shotput record for 14 years, of a heart attack, in Baton Rouge, La. He set the record—55′ 11½″—in 1934 and bettered it twice before Charles Fonville broke it in 1948. He also competed in the 1936 Berlin Olympics, boxed professionally and played two seasons with the Chicago Bears.

DIED: ED HURLEY, 59, American League umpire for 19 years until his retirement in 1965, who officiated in four World Series.

DIED: BILL SOUTHWORTH, 76, major league outfielder from 1913 to 1929 who had a career batting average of .298. Southworth managed the St. Louis Cardinals to three National League pennants and World Series victories in 1942 and 1944, and in 1948 the Boston Braves to their first pennant in 34 years.

CREDITS

4 drawing by Robert [illegible] 21 [illegible] by John Huehnergarth 28, 36 Jerry Cooke 42, 43 Fred Kaplan Black Star 50 Arthur Shay 63 Wes Lyle Kansas City Star, Tom Monaster 64 Jerry Cooke 65 Tony Triolo 66 Emil Haas 68 Russ Hollcraft, Don Irwin 72 Herb Schreiner LIFE 73—Sheedy & Long; Los Angeles Times; UPI 78, 83 Sheedy & Long 89 Las Vegas News Bureau; Robert C. Tennyson The Steele (Mo.) Enterprise, Bhon and Ann Vicary.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JAS PATTERSON, a Colgate senior who is in his first year of big-time racing, won an SCCA regional event at Bridgehampton, N.Y., in an Austin-Healey 3000 Mk. III, then set a lap record (1:18.0) for his class at Pocono (Pa.) International Raceway.



ALISON WOOTON, 9, of Pomona, Calif., is national water-ski racing champion in the girls' 9-years-old-and-under bracket on points earned for seven firsts, four seconds and two thirds in meets throughout the year. She was runner-up in 1968.



STEVE VOYDAT, an anesthesiologist from Los Altos Hills, Calif., won the American Medical Tennis Association's national tournament in Las Vegas over 130 other doctors by beating Gil Rothrock, a surgeon from York, Pa., 6–4, 4–6, 6–3 in the final.



CALVIN CARTER, senior fullback for South Pemiscot High School in Steele, Mo., carried the ball 23 times for 305 yards and scored six touchdowns and seven two-point conversions for 80 points in the Bulldogs' 64–27 win over Delta High School of Deering.



BOB MARTINEZ, single wing tailback for Pierce High in Arbuckle, Calif., has led his team to the Sacramento Valley League championship for the second season in a row with 1,696 yards gained rushing and passing and 27 touchdowns, all in eight games.



EDDY SEAY, of Papatoetoe, Auckland, New Zealand, fishing off the North Australian coast, landed a 14-foot black marlin weighing 1,124 pounds after only 30 minutes and using 50-pound-test line. The previous world record with the same line was 623 pounds.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

KISS OF WHAT?

Sirs:

I am led to understand from his article (*Who Gets the Oscar?* Nov. 10) that Dan Jenkins doesn't think three of Notre Dame's six Heisman Trophy winners deserved their awards. I'm referring to the rap he puts on Bertelli, Huarte and Hornung. I wouldn't try to change Mr. Jenkins' mind—that would take a miracle (something only God and Rockne could pull off)—but I would like to present some information that lends support to why these men were chosen Heisman winners.

Angelo Bertelli (1941–43) was chosen to six All-America teams in 1943. He is ranked fourth on the alltime passing list at ND, and he is No. 6 on the Irish alltime total offense list. John Huarte (1962–64) led the Irish to a 9-1 season in 1964 when he, too, was chosen to six All-America teams. He ranks sixth on the alltime forward-passing list at ND, and he holds the career records for the following: most consecutive passes without an interception; lowest percentage of passes intercepted; and highest average yards gained per play. Paul Hornung (1954–56) was chosen in 1955 to four All-America teams, while in 1956 he was on six All-America teams. He is eighth on the alltime passing list and fourth on the alltime total-offense list.

NORBERT A. SADILEK JR.

Baltimore

Sirs:

Congratulations to Dan Jenkins. Once again he and SIKOD (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Kiss of Death) have worked their magic. Your endorsement of Steve Owens just cost him the Heisman Trophy.

CHARLES BEALL

Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sirs:

I don't know whether you've noticed or not, but college stars who happen to make the cover of your magazine have a remarkable knack for winning the Heisman Trophy. Now that Steve Owens' grin has been splattered all across the nation, only a total collapse on his part would give Davis of USC or Otis of Ohio State a ghost of a chance of winning the prize. And even a collapse now might not make a difference. Two years ago O. J. Simpson was considered the nation's most spectacular player until you ran that blurb calling Gary Beban "The Great One." It was all over right there. Beban was singularly mediocre for the rest of the season, including his throwing the interception in the USC game which, along with O.J.'s pressure performance, led to UCLA's downfall. Behan was even benched in his last game as a Bruin. Still, your backing was enough to win him the trophy.

I'm not saying that you should not publicize great ballplayers. That is your obvious duty. And I am not saying that Owens and Beban do not deserve acclaim. I am merely saying that being on SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's cover during the campaign gives a candidate too much of a pre-election edge over those with similar credentials but lesser press coverage.

This is from a loyal reader who considers SI to be one of the few consistently impartial publications on the newsstands.

TERRY M. BANKS

Washington

Sirs:

I am not too surprised at your vast coverage of Steve Owens, but your almost complete disregard for Missouri University and its football stars (namely Terry McMillan and Joe Moore) is certainly unfair to a football power. Certainly McMillan and Moore deserve some Heisman Trophy mention, especially after their stunning victory over Owens and his Oklahoma playmates (*Missouri Waltzes to Victory*, Nov. 17).

All Joe Moore did was outrush Steve Owens while he went over the 1,000-yard mark in rushing for the season. Terry McMillan did in the Sooners and Owens with his great passing, over 300 yards for the day and over 1,000 yards for the season.

JOHN SCHERZINGER

St. Louis

Sirs:

How can you have the audacity to even suggest that any players other than Steve Owens or Rex Kern have a chance of winning the Heisman Trophy?

JEFF FELIX

Concord, Calif.

JETSAM

Sirs:

After reading Robert F. Jones' article (*Eub Weebank's Mother Hens*, Nov. 10), I wonder if Mr. Jones has forgotten who the real star of the New York Jets is. Let's congratulate Joe Willie on his excellent signal calling, but who is the guy who is winning the games? It's Jim Turner.

WILLIAM R. CASEY

Westport, Conn.

Sirs:

Robert Jones wrote that Namath said "goddammit" when he underthrew a pass to George Sauer. I happen to know that Namath does not use God's name in vain. He says "goldangit" instead. It's bad enough people get on Namath for his long hair, Fu Manchu, white shoes and Johnnie Walker Red. Don't go putting words in his mouth—goldangit!

DORIS CHASE

Philadelphia

LUCKY LEW

Sirs:

Many thanks to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for an excellent series on Lew Alcindor (*My Story*, Oct. 27 *et seq.*), and many more thanks to Lew for convincingly extending his athletic experiences beyond the world of athletics. Lew has encountered firsthand much of what goes on everyday: the ghetto, the city, California, the college scene, big business, racism, insensitivity, etc. He has reacted eloquently and with sharp anger to what is wrong, with deep pride to what is right and with a genuine hope that people will always be judged as people—no more, no less. The realities facing every one of us cannot be kept out of the sports arena. Lew speaks not as a superhuman gate attraction but as one of a generation determined to turn this thing around so that, someday, the world of sports can truly be representative of a larger world devoid of inhuman values.

STEVE LUCHSINGER

Watertown, Wis.

Sirs:

The causes of black resentment in America today are too obvious to bear further elaboration by me. I can see why black people would want to learn more about their history and culture, create for themselves an "instant culture" or adopt the dress and background of African tribes.

What I cannot understand is the choice of many of them, Lew Alcindor included, of the religious faith of the Arabs. Not only are Arabs members of the Caucasian race, they are people who sold the blacks into slavery in the first place! They are still the only major world religious group widely accepting and practicing commercial slavery.

So Christianity is un-Christlike? I've been wondering since early Muhammad Ali why nobody has remarked on the irony of Black Muslimism.

JERRY DOBBIN

Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Sirs:

Lew Alcindor can thank his lucky stars he's tall, talented and black. Otherwise, he'd be poor white trash like the rest of us.

DUFFY BRYAN

Santa Monica, Calif.

continued



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ALL BETS OFF

Sirs:

Your SCORECARD question ("A Split Hair," Nov. 3) as to whether Tom Seaver "finished" the game when a pinch hitter for him drove in the winning run in the 10th inning, can be answered by considering what was the intention of the parties to the bet. In the case of a pitcher, a reasonable baseball fan would probably consider the player's job done when he completes his most crucial task: pitching. The pitcher is not expected to do much except pitch, and occasionally field. It seems, therefore, that Fan No. 1 loses. The common understanding of baseball fans is that a hurler finishes the game when he completes his pitching chore in the game.

The rulemakers of the game seem to agree, since a pitcher who is lifted for a pinch hitter is given credit for the victory if his team scores the winning run in the inning of his removal.

However, the answer to your question, "who wins the bet," is that unless the event took place in Nevada, or some other place in which gambling is legal, a prosecuting attorney would win.

BRUCE GRAHAM
Attorney at Law

Stowe, Vt.

FLAG WAVER

Sirs:

I can't pinpoint the origin of the term "penalty flag" for you (SCORECARD, Nov. 10), but I can provide some information on its innovation.

Dwight (Dike) Beede, head coach here at Youngstown State University, is generally credited with inventing the penalty flag. Seeking a better way to signify an infraction than the small horn then used, Beede had his late wife, Irma, sew him four flags before the Youngstown-Oklahoma City game on Oct. 17, 1941 in Youngstown. Beede talked the game officials into trying the flags, and their use later spread.

The first flags were some 16 inches square. A Halloween costume provided the red material, and a bed sheet the white. Weights from draperies were sewed into the corners.

This past August, the last of the original flags was presented to the national collegiate Football Hall of Fame at Rutgers University. Incidentally, Beede, the oldest active college coach in the nation at age 66, is still going strong in his 37th year on the job.

BILL TAYLOR

Youngstown, Ohio

SWIMMING STRAITS

Sirs:

In the PEOPLE column of your Oct. 6 issue there was an interesting story about the U.S. consul general in Istanbul, Doug-

continued



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las Heck, who swam the Bosporus in 1929 at the age of 12, which, your story indicated, "almost certainly" made him the youngest American ever to swim the strait.

I do not wish to discredit in any way the feat of my foreign service colleague, but when I was a vice consul in Istanbul in the summer of 1948 I was a member of a swimming party which included a 6-year-old girl, Fay Farquhar, who swam the Bosporus from the Asian side to the European side.

JAMES M. MACFARLAND

Alexandria, Va.

SPORTSMEN

Sirs:

Because he has played the game against the roughest competition available, knowing that at any minute of any game he might be crippled forever, I nominate Joe Namath for Sportsman of the Year. He is cocky, egotistical and probably thinks he is the world's greatest quarterback, and he is absolutely right.

JERRY JACKSON

San Antonio

Sirs:

My nomination for Sportsman of the Year is Weeb Ewbank, for putting up with Joe Namath.

RICH MARTINOVICH

Battle Creek, Mich.

Sirs:

Like Mark Kram says in your Sept. 29 issue, "he is the antithesis of the other Negro superstars, the silent Henry Aaron, the serious Willie Mays, the combative Jackie Robinson and the suspicious Bob Gibson." My nomination for the Sportsman of the Year is the one and only Ernie Banks.

DOLLY CAPPER

Star City, Ind.

Sirs:

I am writing to second the nomination of Gordie Howe for Sportsman of the Year. At age 41, Mr. U.S. Hockey is still the greatest athlete around.

N. KLIPFEL

Snyder, N.Y.

Sirs:

If I were picking the Sportsman of the Year, I would set aside all the Namaths, Seavers, Alcindors and Hulls and pick Rod Laver—simply because he is the greatest living tennis player and practically dominates the sport.

CHRIS GLEASON

Hawthorne, N.J.

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